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THE NEW YORKER

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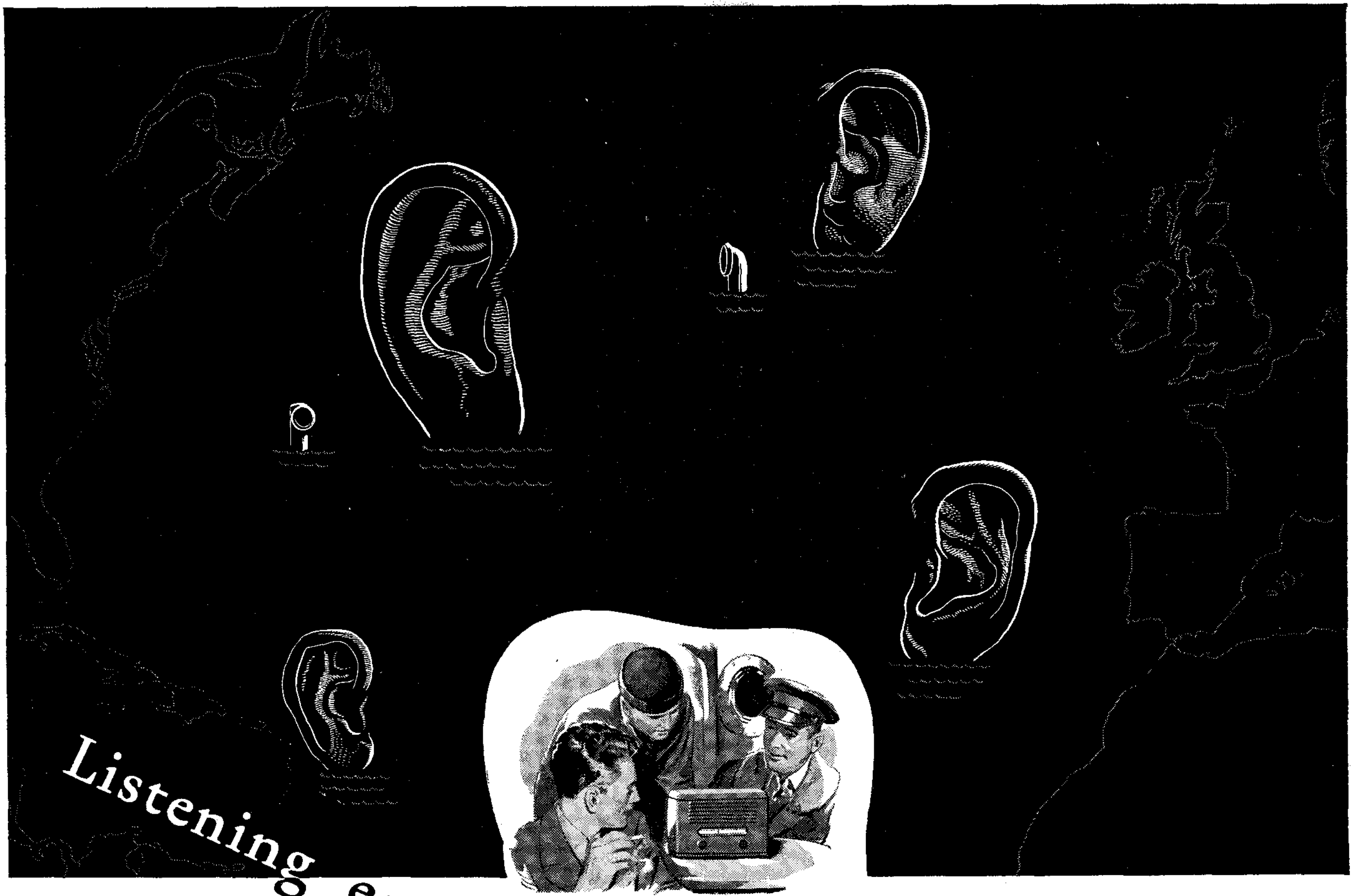

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LOW-RADIATION
RECEIVER

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4450 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Ethel Barrymore back as the schoolteacher who discovers a genius. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

DARK EYES—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova wrote it, and play in it, too. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THE DOUGHGIRLS—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Sun., May 9, at 2:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death on Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRIET—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

JANIE—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

KISS AND TELL—A typical, though rather frail, George Abbott comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE PATRIOTS—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. The statesmen involved are Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Cecil Humphreys. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

TOMORROW THE WORLD—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reeducated. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

UNCLE HARRY—A quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

SONS AND SOLDIERS—A play by Irwin Shaw, with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gregory Peck, and Stella Adler. Staged by Max Reinhardt and produced by Mr. Reinhardt, Norman Bel Geddes, and Richard Myers. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

THREE'S A FAMILY—Ruth Weston and Robert Burton in a play by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. Staged by Mr. Ephron and produced by John Golden. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's fantasy about a lady editor who gets tangled up in psychiatry. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Closes Sat., May 15.)

OKLAHOMA!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Chic Johnson has left the cast, but Ole Olsen, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

STAR AND GARTER—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this funny and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—A rough-and-tumble version of this American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast that includes Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—"Romeo and Juliet," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., May 6; "Princess Aurora," "Lilac Garden," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Helen of Troy," Fri. Eve., May 7; "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., May 8; "Giselle," "Bolero" (with Argentinita), and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., May 8; "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," and "Princess Aurora," Sun. Aft., May 9; "Romeo and Juliet," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Apollo," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., May 9. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

ARGENTINITA—Assisted by Pilar Lopez and others, with José Iturbi directing members of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Sat., May 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

UNIVERSITY DANCE PROGRAM—A recital by groups from Bennington College, Cornell University, Sarah Lawrence College, and the University of Pennsylvania, Sun., May 9, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra will play for dancing in the Trianon Room through Tues., May 11, when it closes for the season. On the following night the orchestra will move into the Garden, which is reopening with a benefit for Dogs for Defense.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room, where the music is by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Mostly jazz, with Mildred Bailey, the Golden Gate Quartet, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and, starting Mon., May 10, Jimmy Savo.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A fairly elaborate show against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A handsome spot, with a small show and Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Stanley Melba's orchestra, among other entertainment. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room, where the

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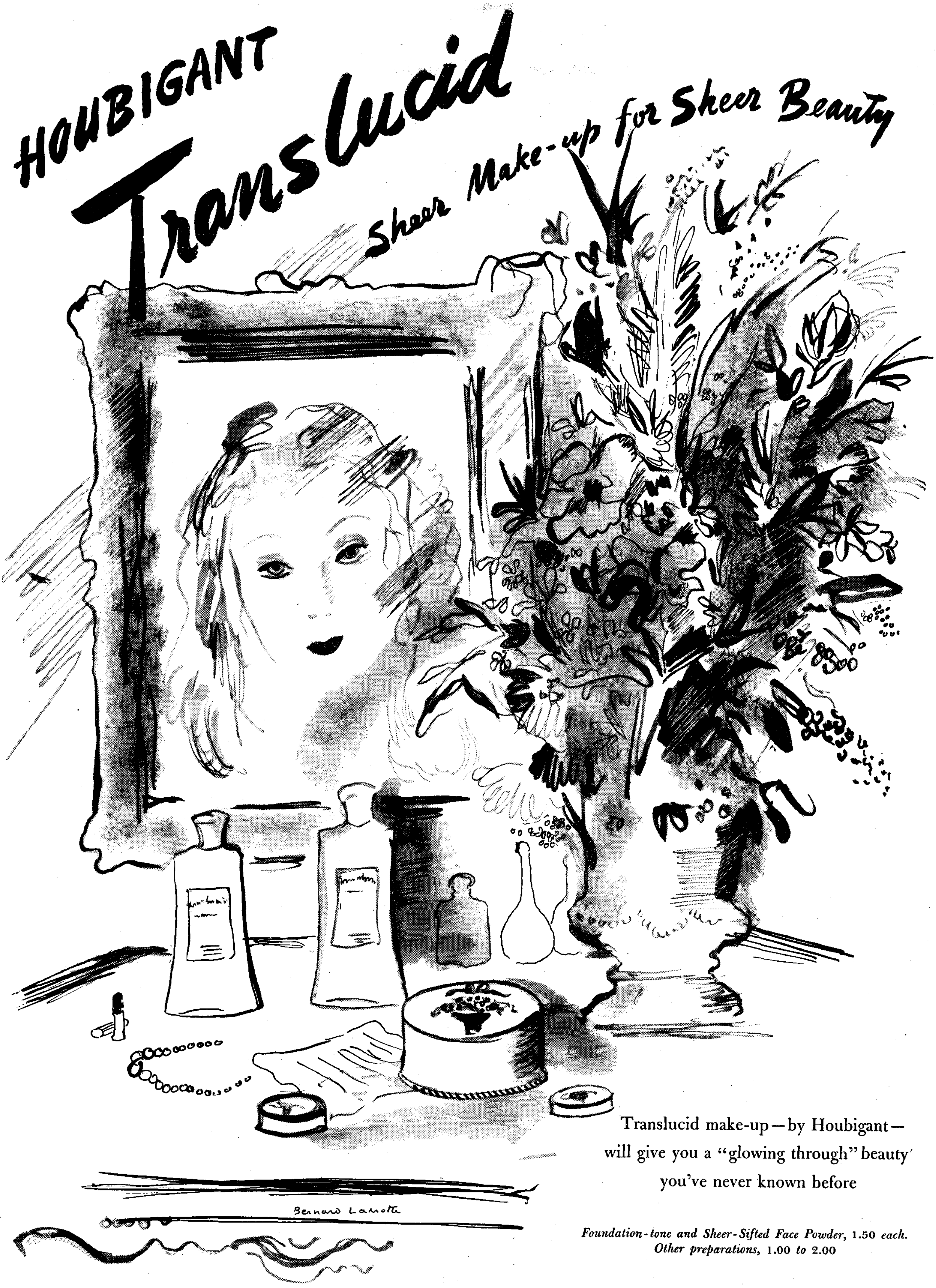
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Roof is now open, with Larry Keyes' orchestra providing the dance music. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Imogen Carpenter and Russ Smith's orchestra in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is back again on the airy Starlight Roof, where Tito Guizar helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Claude Alphand and the Leonard Ware Trio are among those who keep things going in this new spot. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, with Maggi McNellis and George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not too large show. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show; Roy Fox's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **hurricane**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's also a show. . . . **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **latin quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **la conga**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Carmen Amaya; Machito's rumba band. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a small place, with Bill Davison's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

American Impressionists—At the **milch**, 108 W. 57: water colors and oils by Childe Hassam. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . .

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15.

babcock, 38 E. 57: paintings by Ernest Lawson, done between 1889 and 1938. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: oils by Theodore Robinson, in the first one-man show of his works since 1895. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Darrel Austin—Retrospective of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—The Museum's twelfth biennial water-color exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.

Paul Burlin—New oils by a modernist: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Collages—Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, Max Ernst, Joan Miró, and about thirty other artists exhibit their works in this medium: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

Salvador Dali—Fourteen portraits and some drawings by this energetic fellow: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-born artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

European and Chinese—Oils and water colors by such modern artists as Cézanne, Modigliani, and Picasso, along with drawings and paintings on silk of the Sung and Ming dynasties: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15.

Groups—At the **friends of greece**, 52 E. 57: Pavel Tchelitchew, Max Ernst, Salvador Dali, and others; a Greek war relief benefit. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 18. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: selected originals of illustrations from Samuel Kootz's book "New Frontiers in American Painting." Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. . . . **junior league clubhouse**, 221 E. 71: contemporary American paintings and sculptures exhibited for the benefit of the League's Welfare Fund. Daily 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **kleemann**, 65 E. 57: oils by Jon Corbino, Eugene Higgins, Louis Bosa, and Elliot Orr. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **durlacher**, 11 E. 57: oils by Kurt Seligmann, Edward Melcarth, and other moderns, as well as paintings by old masters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Stanley Hayter—Recent drawings, prints, and engraved plasters: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 22.

Independents—Annual helter-skelter of works by the Society of Independent Artists: Hall of Art, 25 W. 40. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

Walt Kuhn—Paintings of circus people: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Jacques Lipchitz—Recent sculptures and the studies made for them: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 8.

Reginald Marsh—Paintings by a New York artist in his first show in two years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30); also, American and British cartoons in an exhibition sponsored by the English-Speaking Union (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures (through June 6); also, religious folk art of the Southwest (through June 13). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

Old and Modern Masters—Over a hundred portraits by artists from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, shown with modern headdresses inspired by the paintings; a benefit for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Abraham Rattner—Recent paintings by this realistic artist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Laura Steig—Paintings of New Mexico and the West Indies: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 17.

Ossip Zadkine—Recent abstract sculptures: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24.

Here and There—At the **museum of non-objective painting**, 24 E. 54: paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **contemporary arts**, 106 E. 57: pastels and paintings by Stephen Csoka. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 7. . . . **iranian institute**, 9 E. 89: loan show of Persian, Chinese, and Indian art. Daily 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. . . . **midtown**, 605 Madison, at 58: recent oils by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent oils on paper by Iver Rose. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **wakefield**, 64 E. 55: tempera paintings of the South by William H. Johnson. Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 10. . . . **mortimer brandt**, 50 E. 57: paintings by Francis Chapin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **norlyst**, 59 W. 56: paintings and drawings by Boris Margo. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 22. . . . **fergargil**, 63 E. 57: oils, water colors, and pastels by James N. Rosenberg; a Red Cross benefit. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. . . . **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Alexej von Jawlensky done between 1912 and 1936. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **american british art center**, 44 W. 56: retrospective showing of paintings and drawings by Charles Dana Gibson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **st. etienne**, 46 W. 57: one-man show of recent primitive paintings by Josephine Joy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 22. . . . **passedoit**, 121 E. 57: new oils by Rudolf Jacobi. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 22. . . . **andre seligmann**, 15 E. 57: recent paintings by Robert T. Francis. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

MUSIC

National Federation of Music Clubs—A chorus conducted by Dr. John Warren Erb, with James Melton and other soloists; a benefit for the Federation's war service fund: Waldorf-Astoria (for tickets, call CI 5-9485), Fri., May 7, at 8:30 P.M.

Recitals—Marjorie Lawrence in a benefit for the Greenwich House Music School: Hotel Pierre (for tickets, call RH 4-8826), Sun., May 9, at 3 P.M. . . . Vivian Rivkin and Carl Stern: Town Hall (BR 9-9447), Wed., May 12, at 8:45 P.M.

Workmen's Circle Chorus—With Mischa Mischakoff and a ballet corps in a benefit program for the Jewish Labor Committee: Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7460), Sat., May 15, at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

League of Composers—Sponsoring a production of "A Tree on the Plains," by Ernst Bacon and Paul Horgan; presented by the Columbia University Theatre Associates and the Department of Music: Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117 (for tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502), Thurs. through Sat., May 6-8, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 8, at 2:40 P.M.

Samson et Dalila—With Renée Norton and Pasquale Ferrara: Hunter College Auditorium, Park at 68 (for tickets, call BR 9-1000), Sat., May 15, at 8:30 P.M.

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **polo grounds**: Giants vs. Chicago, Wed. through Fri., May 12-14, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., May 15, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Boston, Thurs., May 6, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri., May 7, at 3 P.M., Sat., May 8, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 9 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . **ebbets field**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., May 6, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Wed., May 12, starting time to be announced, and Thurs. and Fri., May 13-14, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Sat., May 15, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—At **jamaica**: daily at 2 P.M.; through Sat., May 8. (Grey Lag Handicap, Sat., May 8.) Trains leave Penn Station frequently between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. each day. . . . **belmont park**: opens Mon., May 10; starting time to be

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

announced; weekdays through June 5. (The Fashion, Mon., May 10; the Swift, Wed., May 12; Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 15.)

Track and Field—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sat., May 15; trials at 10 A.M., finals at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

The Circus—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 15.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 406 Lexington, at 42: a collection of weapons, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, ranging from pistols to howitzers. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sat., May 15. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 32 E. 51: an exhibition of photographs, maps, and diagrams, showing the development of the British Empire and the part it is playing in the war. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Jeffersoniana—Autograph letters, documents, books, newspapers, and other material reflecting the private and public life of Thomas Jefferson: New School, 66 W. 12. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Folk Art—A loan exhibition of quilts, wood carvings, paintings, and other early Americana: Folk Arts Center, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Tues. through Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

Benefit—Red, White, and Blue dinner dance, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri., May 7, at 7:30 P.M. (For tickets, call BU 8-2196.)

Garden Exhibitions—The annual City Gardens Club tour, this year for the benefit of United China Relief and the Seamen's Church Institute of New York: the gardens of Mrs. John Elliott, 220 E. 62; Mrs. Robert G. Reese, 160 E. 63; Mrs. Charles Morgan, 132 E. 95; Mrs. Frederick A. O. Schwarz, 8 E. 93; and Mr. Garrard Winston, 7 E. 92: Thurs. Aft., May 13, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.)

On the Air—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Racing: from Pimlico, the Preakness, Sat., May 8, at 2:30 P.M., WEAF; from Jamaica, the Grey Lag Handicap, Sat., May 8, at 4:15 P.M., WABC, WOR; from Belmont Park, the Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 15, at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., May 7 and 14, and Sat., May 15, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF, and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Etchings and engravings by Dürer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and other old and modern masters, from a private collection: Thurs., May 6, at 8:15 P.M. . . . American and English antique furniture, paintings, and objects of art, from the collections of Mrs. J. Austin Du Pont, Mrs. Victor Harris, and others: Thurs. through Sat., May 6-8, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Air Force—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which is not important, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Palace, B'way at 47; starting Wed., May 12.)

Casablanca—There was apparently plenty going on in the town even before the A.E.F. and Mr. Roosevelt had ever seen the place. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., May 7-8. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 7-9. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 8-11. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Thurs., May 13.)

Desert Victory—A British documentary with a wallop. It shows how Montgomery has spent most of the past year making a monkey out of Rommel. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Wed., May 12.)

Edge of Darkness—Inside Norway, with Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson, Walter Huston, and Ruth Gordon, and also many lesser lights who turn in some fine acting jobs. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

The Heart of a Nation—French history as seen by three generations of one fictitious family. The film was made in France before the invasion and owes its good points to the talents of Raimu, Suzy Prim, and other native performers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

The Human Comedy—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 6, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 15.

I Married a Witch—Another of those Thorne Smith stories, with lots of camera tricks. The dialogue is good, and Fredric March, Veronica Lake, and Robert Benchley know what to do with it. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 7.)

Mission to Moscow—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies's book that is often awkward and tiresome but has excellent moments and an important message, to wit: collective security. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and a good slice of the Group Theatre are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—Some of the best pre-Churchill speeches to come out of Parliament are featured in this English film about Britain vs. Napoleon. Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Tues., May 11.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 8.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 11-13.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., May 8-9.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 12-14.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 7.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. With Robert Montgomery. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 12-14.)

Fantasia (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., May 8.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 7. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., May 8-11.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., May 8-9.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq. (1941)—James P. Marquand's novel of Back Bay and Beacon Hill. Hedy Lamarr, Ruth Hussey, and Robert Young. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., May 7.)

In This Our Life (1942)—The Ellen Glasgow novel of a Southern family and its problem daughter. Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., May 7.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., May 12-14.)

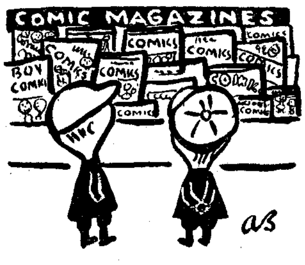
The Male Animal (1942)—The screen version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., May 11-13.)

The Tender Enemy (1938)—René Clair film about ghosts and a beautiful woman. In French. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., May 8-11.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 12-14.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, labor problems, and hurricanes. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., MAY 6-7:** "Fährmann Maria" (1936), in German. **SAT. AND SUN., MAY 8-9:** "The Texas Rangers" (1936), Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Jean Parker. **MON. AND TUES., MAY 10-11:** "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), Knud Rasmussen documentary film. **WED. AND THURS., MAY 12-13:** "100 Men and a Girl" (1937), Deanna Durbin, Leopold Stokowski. **FRI AND SAT., MAY 14-15:** "Grand Illusion" (1938), Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin.



CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Salvage—The government is still asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal, and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of explosives. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save reach the proper authorities.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are needed for making parachutes and gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

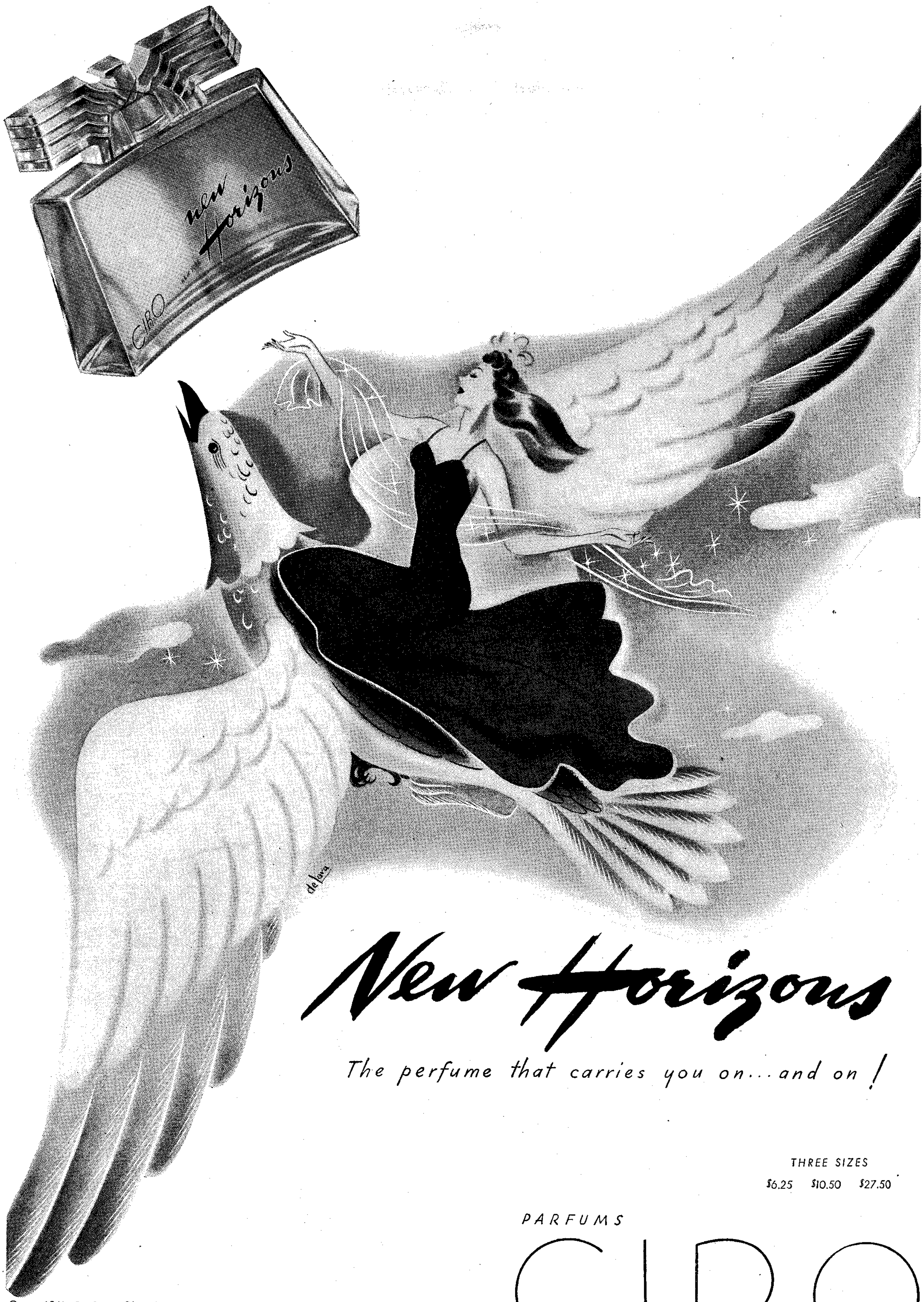
Volunteer Work—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of *filling*. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross and the American Women's Voluntary Services.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O., all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from midnight to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then work as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in nine hours a week or more as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs.

Suburbs and Country—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any at all. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

Donations—The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, playing cards, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, can always be used. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.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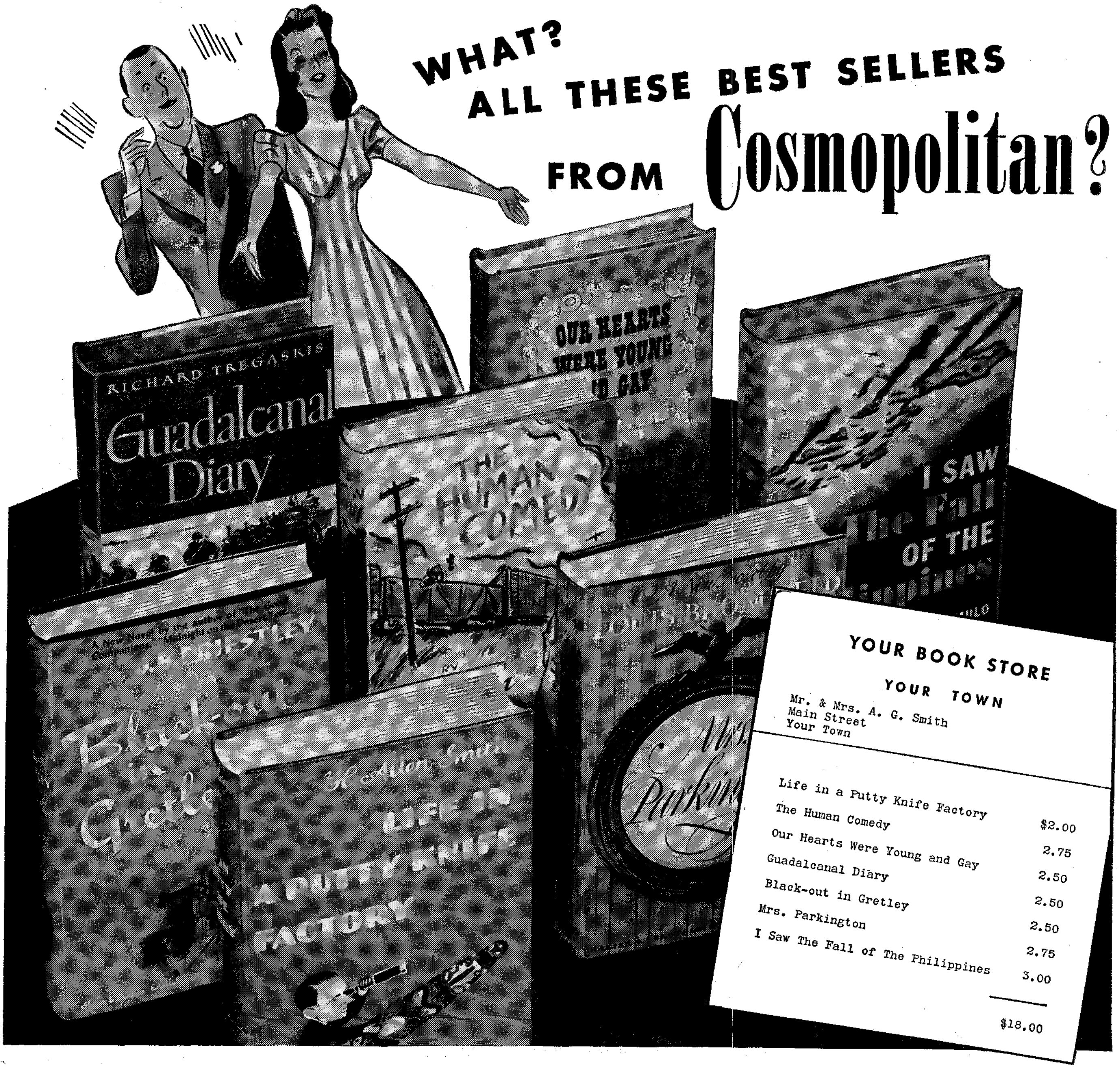
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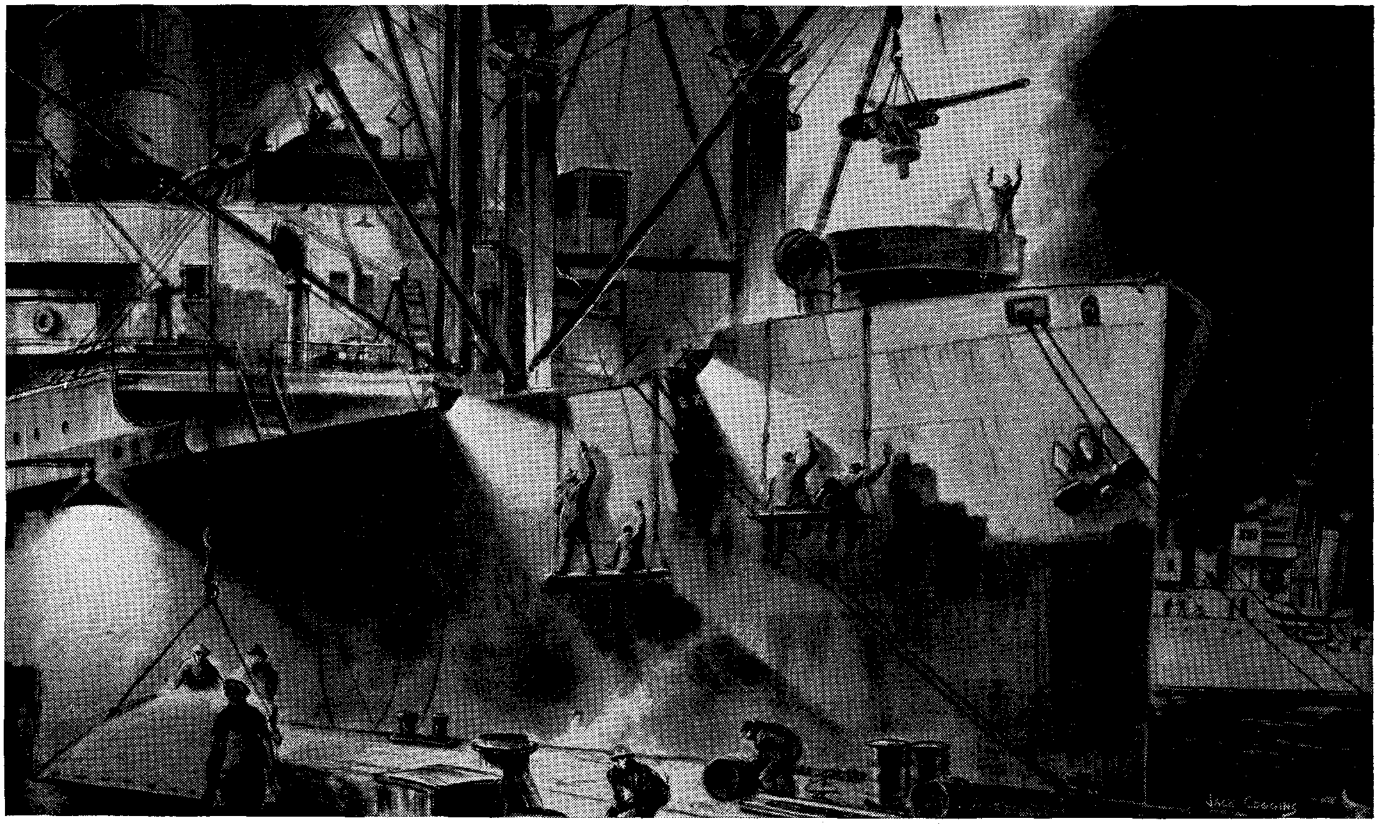
From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine." (*Public Act 835*)



OVERNIGHT NAVY!

America could not win this war with warships and fighting men alone. Without a fleet of merchant ships to carry supplies to distant bases, our Navy would be tied to its home ports, our Army couldn't fight overseas!

We almost went to a war in just such a state. *Almost* — except for a far-sighted Merchant Marine Act written to raise the U. S. from a poor 8th place among maritime nations.

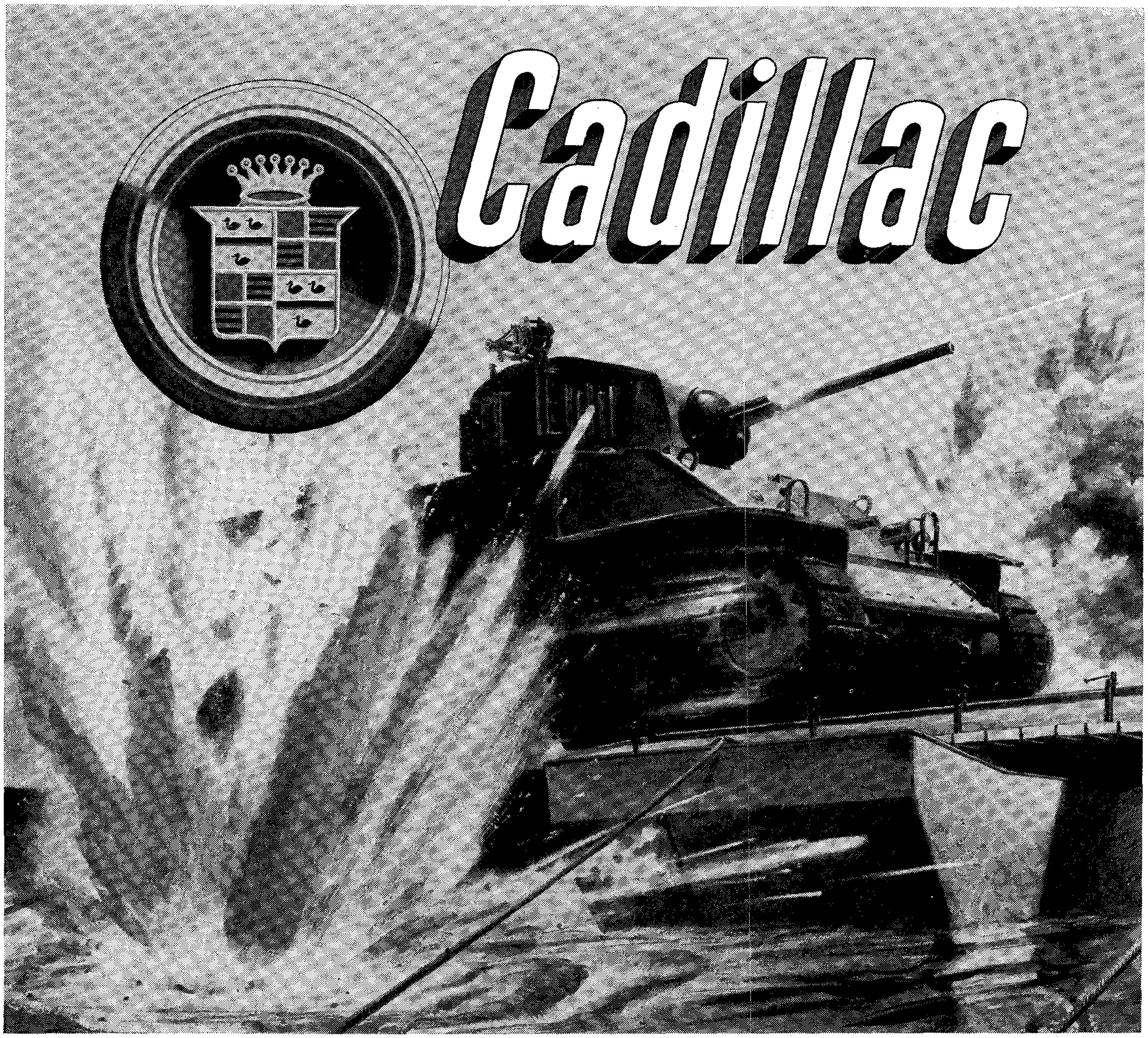
In 1936, Congress declared a momentous U. S. policy: we must have American-flag ships adequate for our trade and security . . . we must have U. S.-built vessels, owned, operated and manned by citizens . . . and (though few foresaw today's urgent need) *shipping "capable of serving as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency."*

Under the Act, the U. S. Maritime Commission enlisted American genius in the building and efficient management of a modern merchant marine. Progress in peacetime became a priceless asset when war came. New vessels and hard-won operating experience were ready. More ships were building . . . this year, *5 new merchant vessels a day* join Democracy's life-lines!

All American Export Lines vessels have put on their war paint, and serve under the War Shipping Administration in the biggest shipping job of all time. Today, they carry help, and hope, and strength to Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt, Burma, India and Ceylon — the same lands where once they delivered the products of U. S. farms and factories in exchange for cargoes needed in our country.

Some American Export ships and men have been lost. The routes and cargoes — and the daily heroism — of the others are guarded secrets. But it is no secret that the "Overnight Navy"— enlisted from all American shipping lines—is earning high honors for the U. S. flag on all the oceans of the world.

American Export Lines E



It came out *Fighting!*

When American troops joined in to rid North Africa of its Nazi hordes, they were supported by the new M-5, an all-welded, light tank designed and built by Cadillac, in cooperation with U. S. Army engineers. Observers commenting on its appearance at the front said—"It came out fighting!"

Two Cadillac innovations—wholly new to mechanized warfare—endow the M-5 with speed and maneuverability demoralizing to the enemy. They are innovations which date back to peace—innovations that in other years contributed much to Cadillac's outstanding leadership among fine motor cars.

This departure from conventional tank design called for high confidence in Cadillac's peacetime engineering. But faith in building the M-5 around proved automotive units has been well justified. Exhaustive Army tests, both in and out of battle, have shown that the M-5 can decisively out perform light tanks not possessing its inherent advantages.

We are deeply grateful to the Ordnance Department for its encouragement and co-operation in developing this new light tank. We take pride in the knowledge that production of the M-5 and precision parts for America's most famous liquid-cooled aircraft engine are direct contributions to the Victory that must be ours.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Associated Press, quoting a Secret Service agent, has released the information that counterfeiting is currently suffering a nasty slump. The trouble, as you can imagine, is that priorities keep the counterfeiters from obtaining most of their critical materials. We are pleased to learn this, since it makes more probable a story we recently heard from a friend and flatly refused to believe. Our friend claimed that Murder, Inc., the Brooklyn killing ring, was not completely destroyed by the prosecutions but retained a skeleton organization, which was keeping quiet but was fully prepared to go into action again any time things looked better. Then it was finally demolished, our friend told us, by the draft, which snatched up most of Murder, Inc.'s, young men, the majority of them unmarried and legally unemployed—the car-stealers, the chauffeurs, the bodyguards, the finger men, and so on—and left the organization with plenty of executives but no one to do the routine work. As we believe someone once said, war is the great leveller.

DURING the great storm which broke following the announcement of the Jap executions of American fliers, two phrases were heard above the crackling fury of everyone's wrath: the Japs had "violated military law" and the Japs would be "brought to justice." Now the storm abates. It is the time, now, for remembering that such phrases are false, such words dangerous when misused. The Japs violated no law and their leaders will never be brought to justice, though they will be brought to something else. Law is, unfortunately, not law unless it is enforceable, and the "laws" of warfare are in their very nature unenforceable, being a mere set of rules for quarrelling, which any country can disregard if it chooses. When war comes, each nation makes its own rules to suit itself. Japan makes hers, which include murdering enemy fliers; we make ours, which include abiding by previous agreements. When at length Japan is punished, as she certainly will be, for having executed American aviators, the act of punishing her will not be "justice," since no court exists which has jurisdiction and no force exists for carrying out such a court's order. To call it justice is to do ourselves a disservice, because it deflects our gaze from the terrible spectacle of a world without law.

This cantankerous attitude which we seem to be striking, this harping on the meaning of words, comes from our belief that there is a sharp need for definitions and that, in the words of Saroyan's barfly, there is "no foundation all the way down the line." Nothing is more frightening than to hear what is not law called law, what is not justice called justice. The recent murders in Japan, which received enormous public attention, were the inevitable extension of certain other Axis murders ten or twelve years ago, which received almost no attention. To speak as though we had law when what we've got is treaties and pacts, to use the word "law" for non-law, is to lessen our chances of ever getting law among nations, since the first step toward getting it is to realize, with dazzling clearness, that we haven't got it and never have had it.

WE finally got around to seeing Disney's "Saludos Amigos." As entertainment the picture was funny enough, but as propaganda for inter-American amity it disturbed us. Most of the picture, as everyone knows by now, concerns Donald Duck as a North American tourist doing all the silly things tourists are popularly supposed to do, and a great, clumsy dog named Goofy making a fool of himself imitating an Argentine Gaucho. Donald photographs the natives in their quaint costumes, sneers at the mildness of the local drinks, and proves unable to navigate either a rope bridge or a llama; Goofy has himself outfitted in native clothing and tries to show off with a bola, almost strangling himself in the process. Altogether, it adds up to a pretty ugly picture of the visiting *Americano del Norte*—probably just about what our neighbors to the south really think of us. We admit that kidding the pants off ourselves is an improvement on our earlier good-will gestures, which confined themselves almost exclusively to producing musical movies that made the South Americans look like clowns, but we feel that it still leaves much to be desired. There ought to be some way the movies could help cement hemispheric relations without insisting that North Americans are as comical as they used to say the South Americans were. Pending more constructive Hollywood action, we'll just have to rely on Henry Wallace.

NO duty is pleasanter than voting for alumni trustees. The balloting is done by mail, of course, and our college sends us a helpful little folder containing biographical sketches of the candidates and photographs. This year we are to vote for two out of a field of five—three men and two women. We have just spent a very happy half hour studying the faces and the records of performance, becoming for the moment a follower of form, weighing a man who has developed colored granules for asphalt roofs against a man who once made a trip to England about some metal fasteners, pitting a woman who is with the Student Christian Movement of New York State against a woman who is with the Twelfth Air Force, and stacking the bunch of them against a fellow who, in four years of intercollegiate wrestling, never lost a match. Such a half hour is both innocent and provocative. What is there in the human face that reveals the human heart and mind? What makes a trustee trusty? Certainly there is great reading in even the mildest biographical sketch—that curious burning glass which concentrates a lifetime in a tiny point of light. Well, we have marked our X's in front of the two names. Pray God we are right!

Opportunity

A GIRL we've just heard of, name of Grace, is hereby cited for her bold and creative interpretation of the rules and regulations of the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Having finished a hearty breakfast one morning in the capital, she put on her most comfortable pair of shoes and went to the gallery. After a certain length of time, she succumbed, inevitably, to the museum droops. She retired to the powder room for a cigarette and there noticed a pamphlet containing general information about the gallery. One paragraph in particular engaged her attention: "Wheel chairs are made available, without charge, for those desiring them. Application should be made at the Information Desk." Grace was struck by the fact that it didn't say "those needing them" or even "those deserving them"—just "those desiring them." Acting on the theory that a museum certainly wouldn't say anything it didn't mean, she went out to the information desk and said she desired a wheel chair. Without question, the attendant trotted out a chromium-plated, de-luxe model with fat rubber tires, gave Grace a few pointers on how to operate it, and sent her off with his good wishes. She had a fine time.

Another Language

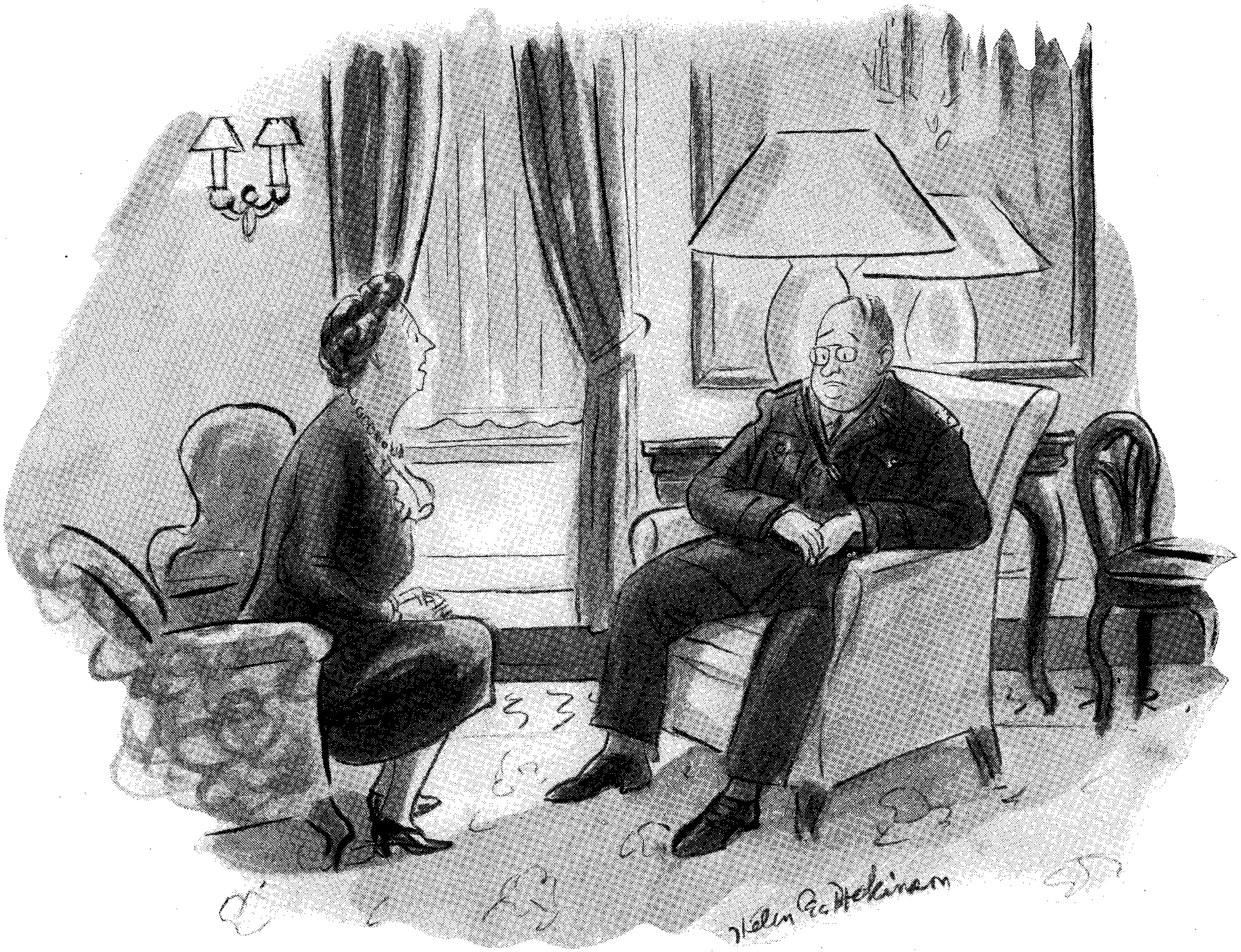
ONE of the chief hazards of war in New Guinea and the Solomons is pidgin English. It can be, we are informed, a vastly confusing tongue, the more confusing because of its superficial resemblance to English. This encourages English-speaking people to think they can converse handily with the natives thereabouts by using baby talk with an occasional "chop-chop" thrown in, but they soon find out different. The problem is serious enough for our government to have ordered the preparation of a grammar-and-phrase book, which is at present being distributed to the troops in New Guinea and vicinity. One of the authorities we've consulted is Mr. Gregory Bateson, a tall British anthropologist, now working at the Museum of Modern Art, who has spent four years in the region. Mr. Bateson told us that various kinds of pidgin English are spoken all over the world not only between natives and white men but between natives who speak different dialects, and that altogether there are perhaps a dozen forms of pidgin English. His specialty, by good luck, is the one the government wanted in this case, the Melanesian variety, in use in and around New Guinea. The original pidgin English was first used on the coast of China, he said, and that's where the name "pidgin" comes from—it represents an Englishman's idea of how a Chinese sounds when he thinks he is saying "business." This is an example of what linguists call the double derivative, which is fairly common in pidgin English and is a good reason for not taking all English pidgin-English words at their face value. Here's another example: The Melanesians, in their early conversations with white men, began using the words "salt water" to mean "sea." Or they thought they did; actually, they said something like "sulowara." The white men, trying too hard, concluded that they were using the words "*soda* water," so they started calling the sea "soda water," which sounds enough like "sulowara" to the natives to be comprehensible. Everybody presumably knows better by now, but it's too late. Hell of a mess.

Mr. Bateson told us that Melanesian pidgin English has a vocabulary consisting of about seventy per cent English words (some of which have their original English meaning and some of which don't) and a few scraps of German and Portuguese; the remainder is made up of Melanesian words. The grammar is strictly Melanesian and the pronunciation whimsical. Thus you can see that pidgin English is really a foreign language, and you couldn't be expected to know, for instance, that "He got onefellow kalamboo he-stop?" means "Is there a mosquito net?" Mr. Bateson said that a minor aid in learning Melanesian pidgin English is to get it through your head once and for all that "kiss" doesn't have its English meaning. If a Melanesian says to you, "He kissem pig belong me," you should show concern rather than tolerance, since the Melanesian means that somebody has stolen his pig. Anthropologists guess that this use of "kiss" is one of those double-derivative affairs, the result of a white man's misunderstanding a Melanesian's attempt to repeat the word "catch."

Mr. Bateson considers the relative scarcity of German words in the Melanesian pidgin-English vocabulary a significant sidelight on the German psychology. The Germans came to New Guinea in 1884. They found the natives speaking a pidgin English largely made up of English words which they had learned from mariners, and instead of making the natives learn pidgin German, they painstakingly learned the natives' pidgin English. The result was that after a couple of decades of German control in that region only a dozen or so German words had found their way into the language. Despite the fact that people of many races and countries have some acquaintance with Melanesian pidgin, Mr. Bateson doesn't think that it will become a universal language. For one thing, it doesn't permit an exchange of ideas to any great extent, and for another, it sounds funny. "For instance," Mr. Bateson said, " 'She played the piano' becomes 'Bokis he got teeth. By-em-by Missus he fightem teeth. Naw bokis he cry.' You see what I mean?"

Making Hay

THIS is another one of those nice woman's-wit stories, about a little Smith girl who got a belated Easter rabbit from a suitor and couldn't get the rabbit to eat. Finally she heard somewhere that a rabbit should have hay, but of course there wasn't any hay on or



"But why isn't a major fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring, dear?"

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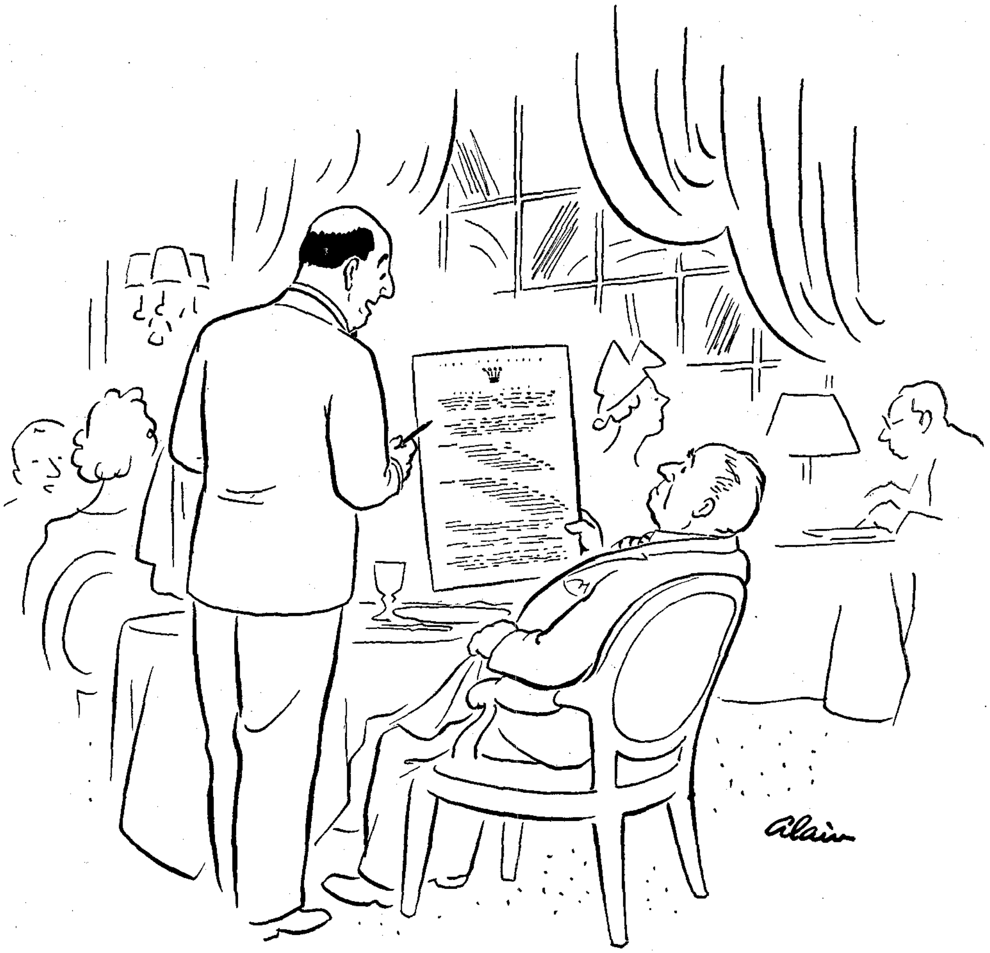
near the campus. She created some in no time, though, and the rabbit simply loved it. As to how she did it, why, she ironed fresh grass into hay with her little electric iron.

Seafaring Lady

YOU hear considerable these days of the women officers of the Russian merchant marine, but for one reason or another (including the odd places that ships dock these days), it is not easy to get in touch with one locally. We have succeeded, however. Our subject is Tamara Semenova, third mate on a Russian merchant ship sailing between here and Murmansk. We found her to be a strong, ruddy young woman of medium height, with sandy hair and gray-green eyes. When we met her she had on her shore-going clothes, which included a dark wool skirt and a somewhat incongruous beruffled shirtwaist. Miss Semenova speaks a little English, but we played safe by having an interpreter present, so our interview wasn't exactly a tête-à-tête. In no time at all we were sedately treading the mazes of the conventional interview, talking about New York's skyline and bustle. "These are very O.K.," said Miss Semenova, in English. Then, with the aid of the interpreter, she continued, "But where is the dimout?" We tried to explain to her the difference between a dimout and a blackout. "It is silly," Miss Semenova said simply. Trying another tack, we asked her how she had been spending her time ashore. She said she'd been busy supervising the unloading of her ship, handling certain routine business with the Port of New York Authority, and paying off the men, and hadn't had much time ashore. Soon, however, she expected to have some time to herself. It turned out that she had been ashore on earlier trips, however, and that she had definite and not always complimentary opinions of our ballet, art galleries, and movies. She seemed most struck by the movies—said they were so slick, so nearly perfect mechanically, that it hardly mattered what was in them.

It was six years ago that Miss Semenova decided to go to sea. She had gone to school in Leningrad, taken an advanced course in accounting, and become a bookkeeper. Tiring of this at the age of twenty-two, she took up navigation. "Many women are interested, but even in the Soviet most can't do it," she told us, with some pride. She took a four-year course at the State Marine Technical School in Leningrad, competing on equal terms with the male students. During the summers, she and the other students worked as able seamen aboard a four-masted bark used as a training ship. "It is better to learn under canvas," she remarked. "It is like the classics in literature." A majority of the women at the training school take up radio, but Miss Semenova, in an all-or-nothing mood, went in for navigation. She was given a third mate's ticket and since then has worked on both steam and Diesel ships of up to six thousand



"We decided not to change the menus, sir. We feel they afford a pleasant lift, if a temporary one."

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tons. She said that there are several women captains in the Russian merchant marine. She has never had any trouble getting men to obey her, she told us in answer to a question, adding, in apparent puzzlement, "Why should men mind taking orders from a woman?"

Life as a sealady, as Miss Semenova describes it, would seem to have much to commend it. The wages are higher than a woman could get ashore, and these days there are bonuses based on the length of voyages and the danger. Also, sailors are entitled to free transportation when ashore in Russia and this made possible, before the war, vacations on the Black Sea, the Russian Riviera. A pregnant sealady keeps working up to the time of her confinement but is given easier chores for the last two months. All expenses of the birth are paid by the state, which also crashes through with a layette and a two-month vacation for Mother, after which she can leave the baby either with her family or at a state nursery and rejoin her ship. In peacetime, it is usually arranged for married couples to ship together, but that isn't always practicable now. Miss Semenova is married, her husband being a second mate on another merchant vessel, and she sees him only when their ships happen to be in port at the same time. She keeps her maiden name, as do most Russian women, especially those who work.

Veteran

A BUSY young major of the Army Service Forces put aside his paperwork in Washington long enough to journey to a Canadian city, where he had been invited to address the Junior Chamber of Commerce. Shortly after his return his associates noticed that he was wearing over his heart a new ribbon, for foreign service.

Rubella

DURING the last war, German measles, then patriotically called Liberty measles, were epidemic. As you probably know, they're epidemic again, which brings up the old problem of nomenclature, not to mention the runny nose, inflamed eyes, spots, and low fever. Just to help keep the hypochondriacs under control, allow us to say, on the highest authority, that they're nothing to worry about. They run their course in three days, so by the time you begin to think of consulting a doctor you're all well again. As we've indicated, it's the name that bothers people. The patient is annoyed because he thinks that he has been laid low by a specifically German germ, and the doctor, who knows that the ailment is neither German nor measles, is bothered by the inaccurate terminology. The proper name for what we call German measles is rubella, but you'll seldom find it used outside of a medical text. The English call it rose measles, and some of the other names it has picked up in various parts of the world are rubeola sine catarrho, incocta, rubeola notha, rubeola epidemica, rosalia, rubeola morbillosa, rubeola scarlatinosa, rosania, roseola, roseola epidemica, rougeole fausse, exantheme fugace, essera Vogelii; hybrid, bastard, spurious, or imperfect measles; hybrid or bastard scarlatina, and French measles. Nobody knows how the Germans got involved; incidentally, they call it Rötheln.

Rubella is definitely a piffling, though contagious, disease; the authorities we consulted knew of no authenticated case of anybody's dying of it. Complications are rare, and one attack usually means immunity for life. People who say they've had it more than once have probably been wrongly diagnosed. It's a common childhood disease but will attack people of any age. Right now, for example, lots of soldiers have it. Here in town, it's safe to estimate that forty or fifty thousand civilians have it, though not all of them have taken to their beds. Rubella is a virus disease, like real measles, chicken pox, smallpox, mumps, and poliomyelitis; every virus disease just has to run its course, being impervious to attack by drugs or serums. All a doctor cares about is to make sure you really have rubella and not some similar ailment that might turn out more seriously, like measles or scarlet fever. The medical profession has a little adage about rubella: "The first day it looks like measles, the second day it looks like scarlet fever, and the third day it's gone."

Superfluous

CIVILIANS have their troubles, too. We're thinking at the moment of a writing man who was engaged by a publishing house to edit and rewrite a timely but overlengthy manuscript dealing with the Arabs, Arabia, and its customs. Our hero decided that, among the deletions, it was a good idea to include the numerous references to and descriptions of a town called Makka. Matter of fact, cutting Makka out brought the manuscript down to almost the desired length. He returned it to the publishers, glowing with pride in a job well done. The glow lasted until the publishers informed him, with considerable bitterness, that among all the books dealing with Arabs which have ever been written, his was unique in that it contained no mention whatever of Mecca.

Ants in Brentano's

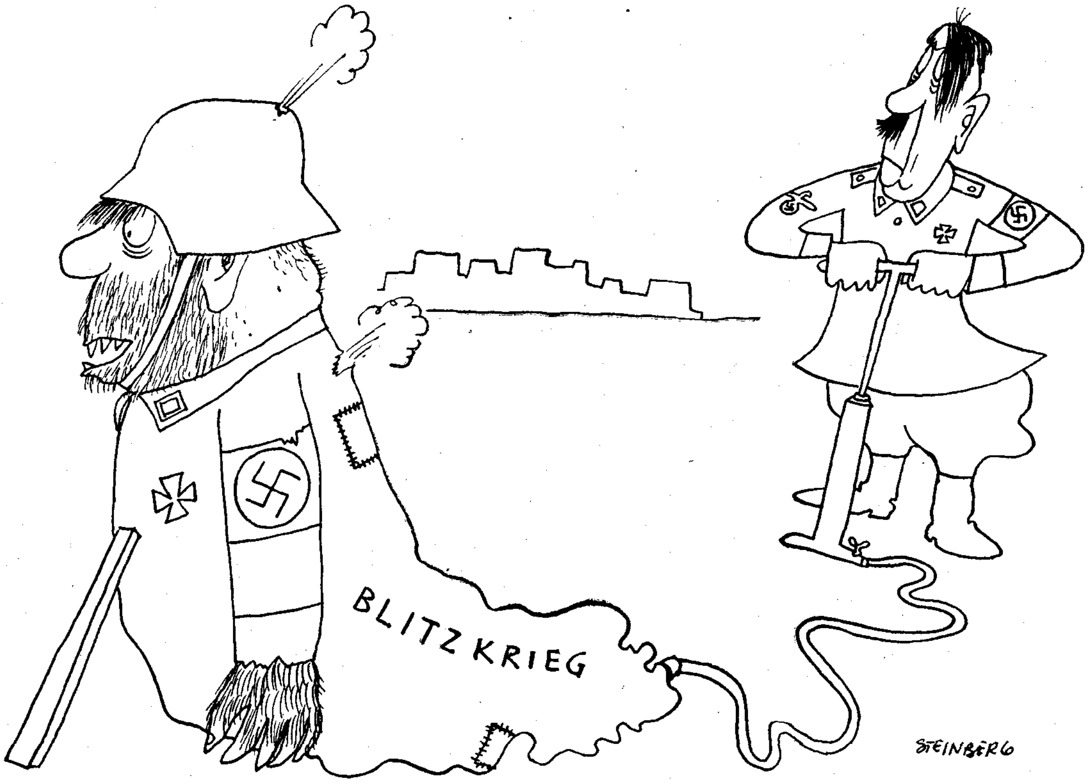
SALVADOR DALI is the tiniest bit plumper than the photographs of him would lead you to believe, a little more like the author of a briskly moving six-dollar book. His mustache has attained something of the luxuriant droop once affected by river-boat sharpers, and he puts eau de cologne on his topcoat. He was in Brentano's last Friday afternoon for a couple of hours, autographing copies of "The Secret Life of Salvador Dali." He autographed maybe three or four dozen while we were there, making bold, page-long strokes. It was raining, and relatively few people were in the place. Most of the copies of his book presented for his autograph were orders from collectors or out-of-town enthusiasts, who would get their treasures by mail. The Dali touch was supplied by a pretty girl in a red jacket who stood near a pillar and watched Dali, dead-pan, all the time he was there. After she had been there about three-quarters of an hour, a kindly Brentano's man suggested that it would be perfectly all right for her to go over and talk to Dali. "I can't speak French," she said, in a low, desperate voice. We felt sorry for her; after a while, we felt sorry for Dali, who was stared out of countenance and twitched slightly.

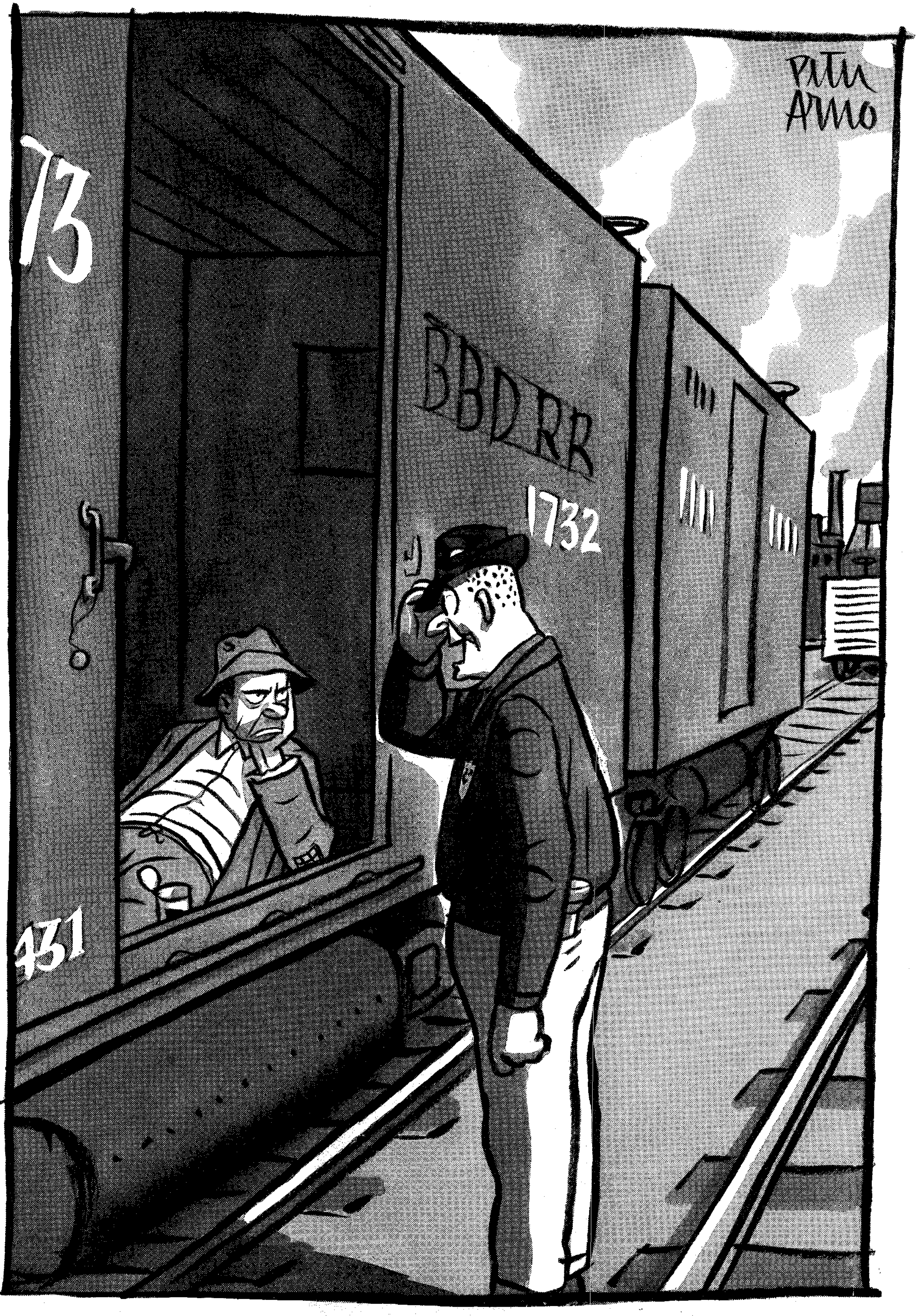
Mrs. Dali, a Russian who speaks English, acted as interpreter and informal master of ceremonies. She told us that she and Dali were staying at the St. Regis because the light is so good there (advt.) and that what Dali likes best of all about New York is the limpid, crystal light; it was, as we said, raining. Dali had never autographed publicly before, she added, and had brought a special pair of glasses for the occasion. She made Dali take them out of his breast pocket and show them to us. Turned out that the lenses were double, with a space between. In the hollows were several dozen black ants—carpenter ants, we observed, big black fellows which normally live in hollow trees. "But how do they *breathe?*" asked a feminine voice over our shoulder. Dali had apparently heard this question so often that he could recognize it even in English. "*Un petit trou,*" he said, giving the questioner a look. "A little hole," a Brentano's man translated smugly. A man with a briefcase accosted us and, pointing at Dali, crisply asked, "Anybody I ought to know?" "Salvador Dali," we said. The man left hurriedly, without another word.

Ants, carpenter ants, are definitely the keynote of this story. Brentano's Mr. Hutchens told us that Dali, Gala (Mrs. D.), he, and a porter had gone through hell trying to get two or three hundred ants in between the dial and the glass of a gilt clock that Dali wanted put in a window display Brentano's had installed the preceding Friday. They spent about three hours at it, and when they knocked off, everybody, including the ants, was tired and ill-tempered, and there were only twenty-five ants in the clock. The next day Dali sent for more (he gets his ants from an ant man in Jersey, name of Rummel), and the order somehow got mixed up, so Dali got three thousand instead of three hundred. According to Mr. Hutchens, Dali immediately grasped the impossibility of getting three thousand ants into an eight-inch clock face. "*C'est impossible,*" he said. Brentano's got some reaction from the public on the window, but not precisely what you'd expect. Two or three dealers offered to buy the clock. When these offers were relayed to Dali, he sternly told them no; said the clock was only lent by a friend and was worth eight hundred dollars. And a thoughtful lady came in benevolently to report that the clock seemed to have ants in it. "I can't imagine how they got in there," she told Mr. Hutchens. He told her that they'd been put there with a great deal of trouble, to symbolize the destruction of time (or something). "Really?" she said. "That's Mr. Dali's figment, madam," Mr. Hutchens said. Good old Brentano's! Good old Dali!

Miracle

A DIGNIFIED elderly lady sailed into one of Bloomingdale's elevators the other day, and boomed, "Maids' uniforms, please." Another lady, a distressed-looking young matron with a small daughter, impulsively grabbed the old lady's arm and squeaked, "For God's sake, tell me where you got her!"

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"A very good afternoon to you, sir. I represent the railroad in matters of employment."

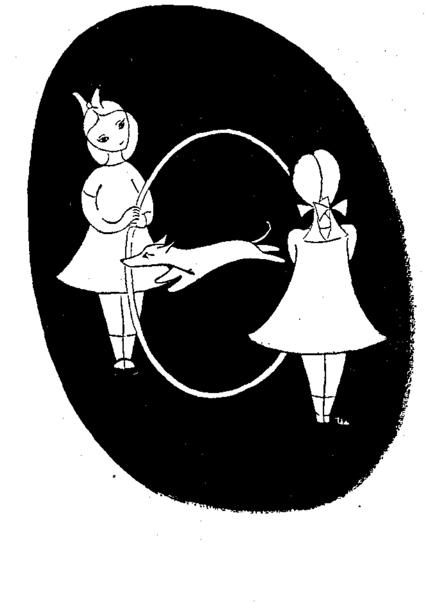
AMO, AMAS, AMAT, AMAMUS, AMATIS, ENOUGH!

Yesterday morning I awoke in a pool of glorious golden sunshine laced with cracker crumbs to discover that spring had returned to Washington Square. A pair of pigeons were cooing gently directly beneath my window; two squirrels plighted their troth in a branch overhead; at the corner a handsome member of New York's finest twirled his nightstick and cast roguish glances at the saucy-eyed flower vendor. The scene could have been staged only by a Lubitsch; in fact, Lubitsch himself was seated on a bench across the street, smoking a cucumber and looking as cool as a cigar. It lacked only Nelson Eddy to appear on a penthouse terrace and loose a chorus of deep-throated song, and, as if by magic, Nelson Eddy suddenly appeared on a penthouse terrace and, with the artistry that has made his name a word, launched into an aria. A moment later, Jeanette MacDonald, in creamy negligee, joined the dashing rascal, making sixty-four teeth, and the lovers began a lilting duet. The passers-by immediately took up the refrain; windows flew up at the Brevoort, flew down again; the melody spread rapidly up Fifth Avenue, debouched into Broadway, detoured into Park, and soon the entire city was humming the infectious strain in joyous tribute to Jeanette's and Nelson's happiness.

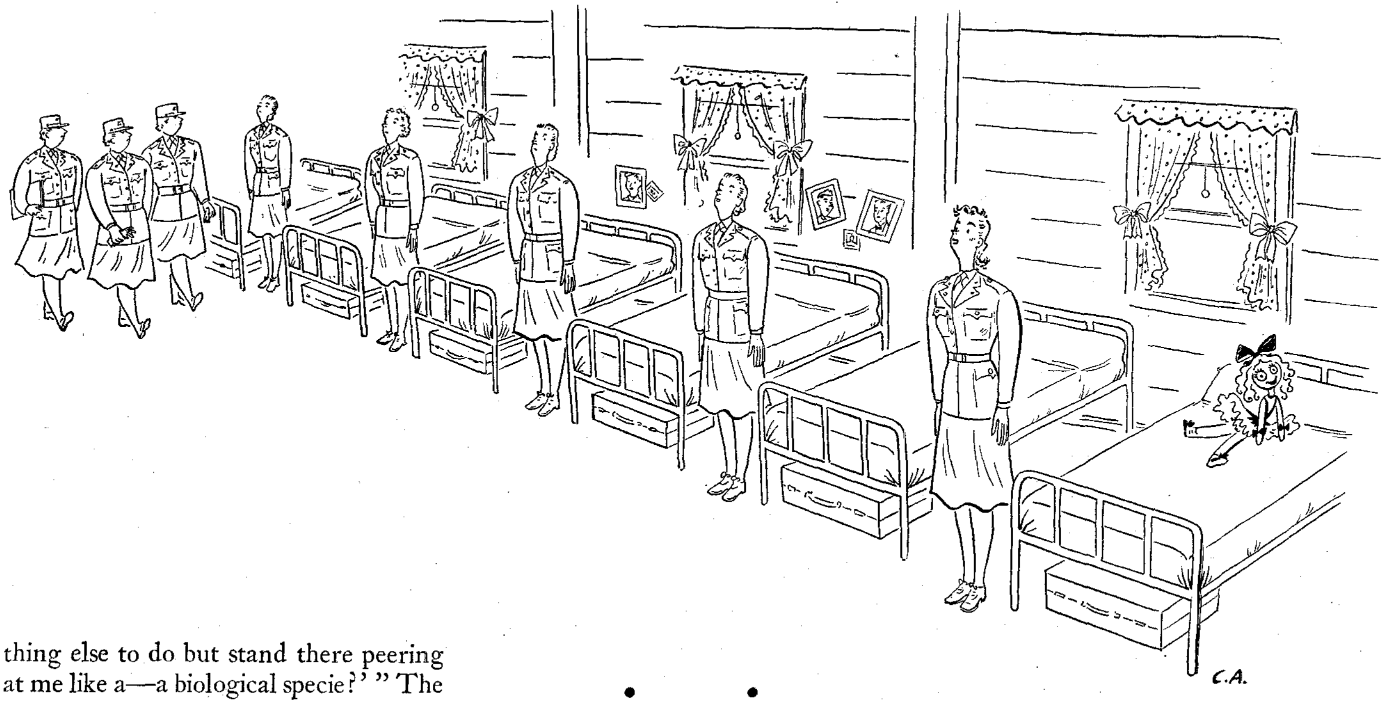
Caught up in the mood of the moment, I donned a jaunty foulard bow, stuck a feather in my hatband and one in my throat, and set out to look over spring fashions in love. That I ultimately wound up with a slight puff under one eye and a warning from a policewoman is not germane to the discussion. Truth is a wood violet that blooms in the least likely corner, and I found it in a couple of obscure pulp magazines called *Gay Love Stories* and *Ideal Love,* which retail at a dime apiece. Twenty cents for a postgraduate course in passion—*entre nous,* kids, I think I've got the only game in town.

Biologically, it was reassuring to find that the war had wrought no intrinsic change in the characters who people cut-rate romantic fiction; the smooth and deadly function of the glands continues undisturbed by the roar of high explosives. The ladies are as cuddly and adorable as they were before Pearl Harbor, the cavaliers as manly and chivalrous as any immortalized by Nell Brinkley and Leyendecker. Consider, for instance, Linda Marshall, the colleen of "Little Ball of Catnip," in the May *Ideal Love,* as she stands lost in dreams in her garden at Santa Monica, "slender and poised in a brown and white seersucker dress, the tight bodice cunningly trimmed in rickrack braid. She had a clear skin, nicely accented by dark eyebrows, lively hazel eyes, and beautifully fashioned cherry-red lips. The general impression was that of youth on the wing." Incidentally, there seems to be a strange, almost Freudian compulsion in both magazines to describe the heroine in avian terms—*vide* Kitty Malcolm in "Barefoot Blonde" (*Gay Love*): "That evening, after finishing a careful toilette, Kitty glanced at herself in the mirror, and knew that she had never looked lovelier. The black velvet gown molded her slim figure to perfection. In the gleaming nest of curls which she had scooped atop her head, Steve's gardenias, which had arrived via messenger, provided the last, elegant touch." It seems almost picayune of Steve not to have included a clutch of cold-storage eggs, or at least a nice fat worm, for the nest atop his inamorata's head as an earnest of eventual domesticity.

An even more tempting *bonne bouche* than Kitty is Bonita Kellsinger, grooming her lovely frame for the evening in "Shadow of Her Past" (*Gay Love,* June): "The very thought of such a triumph [winning the richest boy in Barnesville] brought roses to her richly tanned cheeks, brought a fiery sparkle into her wide, greenish-blue eyes. She brushed her thick, ripe-wheat colored hair until it hung on her straight slender shoulders in rich gleaming waves. A pair of small jeweled clips held back one wave of hair on either side of the girl's high, intelligent forehead. She made an enticing red rosebud of her mouth, and wound ropes of scarlet wooden beads around her neck and arms.' Small wonder indeed that her gallant fidgets impatiently offscene at the wheel of his station wagon, which the author introduces parenthetically in one of the most syncopated bits of whitewash on record: "Cary had explained that he couldn't get adequate rations of gas for any of his cars but the wagon, which he used in working hours to haul people to and from his canning factory that was so busy putting up dehydrated foods for the Army and Navy." For sheer pith, the passage deserves a niche in the Hall of Exposition beside my all-time favorite, which graced one of the early Fu Manchu films. Briefly, the artful Doctor had eluded Nayland Smith by swarming down a rope ladder into the Thames. The ensuing scene revealed a vast underground cavern, in the foreground a rough deal table piled high with crucibles, alembics, and retorts bubbling with sinister compounds. After a pause, the table swung away, a trapdoor opened, and Dr. Fu crept up, followed by a henchman (Tully Marshall). "Well, Wing Chang," remarked the Doctor with a fiendish chuckle, "these old dye works certainly make an admirable laboratory of crime, do they not?"



Since every one of the nineteen novelettes and short stories I dipped into was written by a woman, the result is a gallery of fairly glamorous males, nearly all of them named Michael. It is practically six, two, and even that at some point in the action tiny muscles are going to flicker in lean jaws, eyes crinkle up quizzically at the corners, and six feet of lanky, bronzed strength strain a reluctant miss against a rough khaki shoulder (apparently the supply of smooth khaki shoulders has been exhausted, for whatever reason). There must have been a singularly dreamy look in the eye of Betty Webb Lucas, the author of "Blue Angel," (*Gay Love*), when she hatched Dr. Michael Halliday, chief surgeon of the City Hospital: "He was more like a Greek god, in spite of the flaming hair that threatened to break into rebellious curls at any moment, and the sterile white jacket straining over broad shoulders. His eyes were incredibly blue, and his sun-bronzed skin made them seem bluer still." Much as I respect honest emotion, I am afraid Miss Lucas became a trifle too dreamy in her medical dialogue: "Judy could only stare until he said impatiently: 'Haven't you any-



thing else to do but stand there peering at me like a—a biological specie?' " The most charitable assumption in defense of Miss Lucas must be that the dear nearness of Judy in her crisp white nurse's uniform unnerved the eminent man.

It is hardly surprising that when these golden lads and lasses finally have at one another, they produce an effect akin to the interior of a blast furnace. Observe the Wagnerian encounter between the aforementioned Bonita Kellsinger and her beau ideal: "He caught her close to him, pinned her cheek against the rough khaki shoulder of his uniform, and slowly, deliberately covered her mouth with his, in a kiss that made her forget everything for the moment in the heady rapture of it. . . . They seemed to ascend to the top of a very high mountain, where there hung a white disc of moon in a sparkling bed of stars, and a soft breeze scented with jasmine swept over them. But when his lips lifted from hers, it was as though the cables had been cut from an elevator. She hit earth with a bump that shocked her awake." While Bonita brushes the star dust from her hair and recovers her land legs, take a hinge at Lieutenant Lex McClure flinging a bit of woo in "Glass Walls are Cold" (*Ideal*): "Sally fought against it, but she felt as though she would die of the ecstasy that poured through her body. All of her senses quickened and became alert. She smelled the piney fragrance of his tobacco [that mixture of sun-dried burley and evergreen cones so popular of late with the armed forces] and the light scent of her own perfume. Her lips softened under his pressure, then she drew away softly, drawing her cheek across his chin, feeling the roughness of his day-old beard." Luckily, as one weaned on "The Perfumed Garden" and the Mardrus translation of "The Arabian Nights," I was able to withstand this erotic byplay. Even so, I must confess that a bestial flush crimsoned my cheek and I had to fight off an overmastering impulse to pinch the part-time girl.

At the risk of slighting any individual author, I must say the brightest star in the galaxy is unquestionably Leonora McPheeters, whose "Perfumed Slacker" (*Ideal*, May) is subheaded "How could you love a man who always smelled like a boudoir?" For timeliness, melodrama, and good old-fashioned concupiscence like Mother used to make, I haven't met its equal since the "Heptameron." The principals in this droll tale are two: John Craig, "tall, masculine, tweedy . . . a big overgrown Newfoundland pup, with his rough tawny hair and steady brown eyes," and Judy, a *zäftick* little proposition bent on bringing him to heel. Ostensibly the pair are engaged in running a cosmetic laboratory; actually, they seem to spend the business day mousing around each other, trading volcanic kisses and generally overheating themselves. Occasionally Judy varies the routine by kissing Bob, a shadowy member in a soldier suit who drifts in from an unspecified reservation, but these ersatz embraces only sharpen her appetite for the brand of judo dispensed by Craig. Unfortunately, the intra-office romance withers when Judy detects her employer's lack of enthusiasm for military service, and excoriating him for a coward and a caitiff, she gives him the mitten. Then, in a whirlwind denouement, she captures two enemy agents by upsetting a carboy of wave set over their heads and learns to her stupefaction that Craig has really been evolving explosives for the government. As the curtain descends, Philemon seizes Baucis in a sizzling hammer lock, superbly indifferent to the fact that they are standing ankle-deep in thermite and TNT, and rains kisses on her upturned face.

BY one of those coincidences that are positively spooky, the part-time girl opened my door at this juncture and found the boss-man ankle-deep in a roomful of shredded pulp fiction, baying like a timber wolf. Before she could turn to flee, five feet seven of lanky, bronzed strength reached out and strained her against a rough pajama shoulder. I'm still trying to explain things to the employment agency, but they keep hanging up on me. You don't know anybody with full-fashioned cherry-red lips and a high, intelligent forehead who could help me with the housework, do you? She needn't bother about a uniform; just tell her to meet me in the Lombardy Bar at five tomorrow. They've got the best Dutch Cleanser in town. —S. J. PERELMAN

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If you have resolved that *your* clothes you will find it a lot easier to "stick by your *must* give you *extra* wear for the duration, guns" if you wear a John David All-Wool "Twist" Suit.—*Adv. in the News.*

Look out, you're untwisting!

A FULL-TIME JOB

EVEN during peacetime everyone recognized the fact that Shirley Peterson had a genuine talent for running things. The war offered more, and much larger, opportunities. As her friends so often said about her, "She just seemed to take hold immediately." The energy which she had once expended in local charity drives and the organization of bridge clubs or luncheon groups she now directed toward the war effort. She served on a committee to round up Red Cross blood donors, she was chairman of a bond-selling campaign, she spent two days a week in charge of the canteen at the U.S.O. centre. New jobs stimulated rather than tired her. She was much in demand.

Shirley's husband, Gil, was a dentist in the town of West Hills, Long Island, where they lived. They had two children—Barbara, who was eight, and Buddy, who was six. The Petersons were frequently invited out evenings, and people were always coming up to Gil and saying, "That wife of yours is a wonder." Gil would look gratified, although he seemed to know little or nothing about Shirley's activities. He was proud of her because she was pretty and lively.

The evenings when she went out alone—she was now and then asked to speak to women's groups on "Women in War Work" or "A Full-Time Job" or "Our Responsibility: Yesterday and Today"—he missed her and felt at loose ends. He kept the children up too late, indulging their demands for stories and sleep-delaying games. He fussed over them too much, too. Buddy was a sensitive child, inclined to burst into tears at imaginary hurts or to be easily frightened. Barbara seemed the opposite extreme; she was composed and secretive. "You know, honey," Gil said to Shirley after one of the evenings he had spent at home without her, "I think the kids get a lot of the wrong stuff from Catherine."

Shirley looked alarmed. "Catherine? But Catherine's a jewel."

"As a servant, yes," Gil said, "but she's ignorant and superstitious. The kids spend far too much time with her."

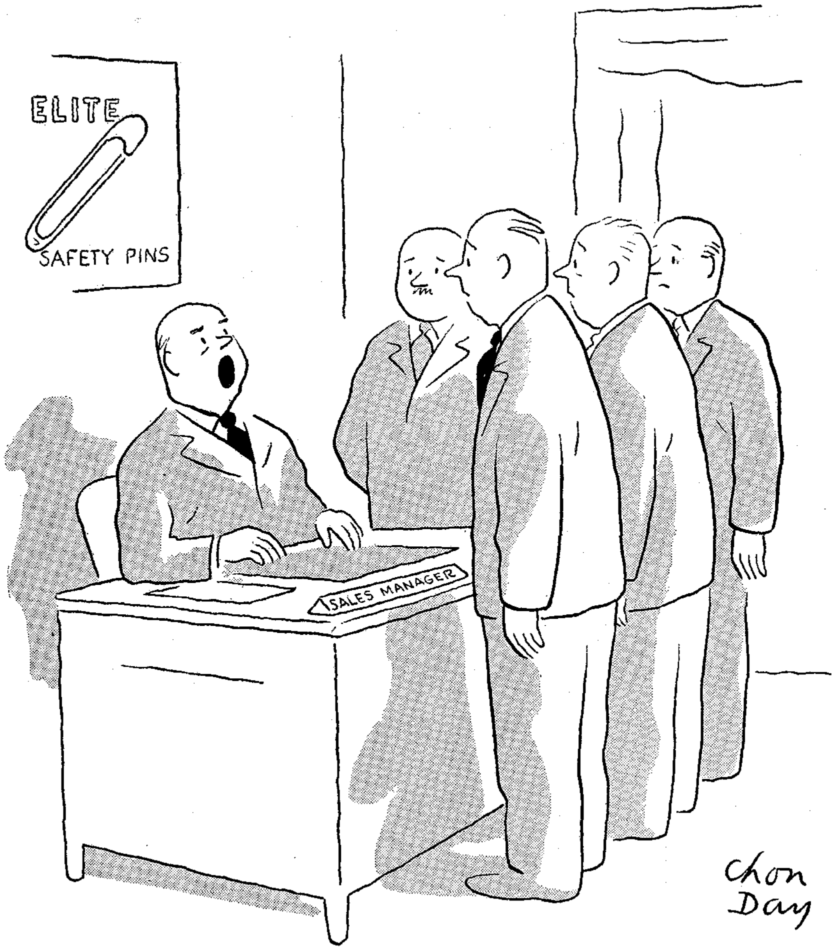
This never became an issue between them because about six months after America went into the war Catherine left to take a job in a defense factory. She had been with the Petersons for years and they were all a little shocked by her going.

"But after all," Shirley said, "there's as good fish in the sea!" She hired Lorna. Lorna was a large, happy-looking colored girl, an excellent cook, far better than Catherine had been. All of Shirley's friends were complaining about the help problem, but Shirley was inclined to think that they exaggerated. "You can always find a good girl if you look hard enough," she would tell them. And then she would add, "If any of you lay a hand on my Lorna, beware!" It was wonderful, coming home from the Red Cross or the U.S.O. centre to one of Lorna's satisfying dinners. Thursdays, when Lorna was not there to keep an eye on the children, Shirley sent them over to Mrs. Brock's. Mrs. Brock was a neighbor who had twins Barbara's age.

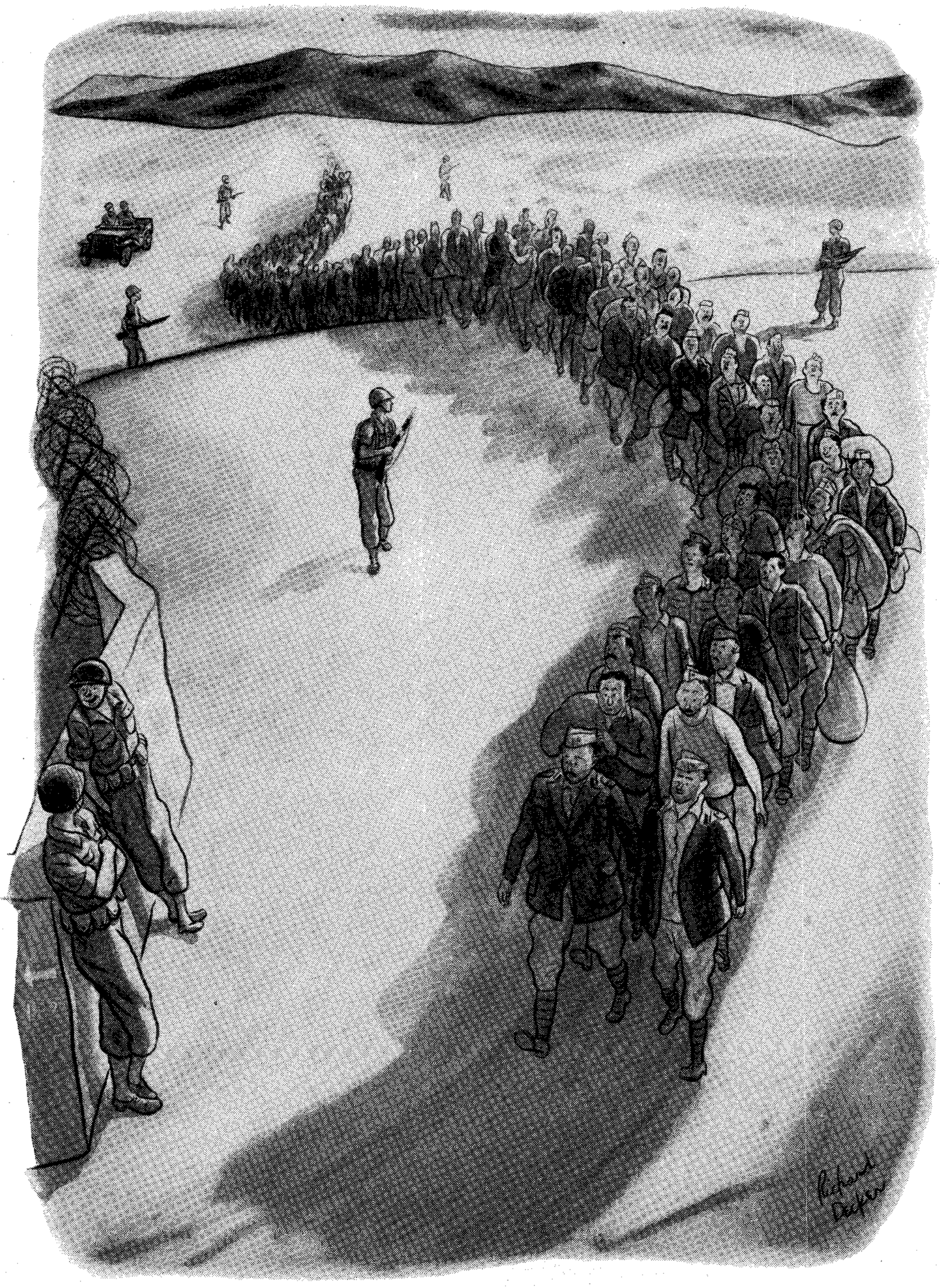
One afternoon, when Shirley came home a little earlier than usual, she found Lorna double-talking to herself in the kitchen, obviously drunk, and Buddy watching her with a glee which amounted almost to hysteria. Barbara, aloof and unconcerned, was cutting out paper dolls on the dining-room table. There was an empty whiskey bottle in the sink. "Lorna likes bourbon," Barbara told her mother. "Sometimes she drinks Daddy's and sometimes she buys her own." Shirley was furious. She felt that she should punish Barbara for not having told her before about Lorna's delinquency, but she was stopped by Barbara's innocent acceptance of the situation. She fired Lorna immediately. That night the Petersons went down to the village to have dinner at a restaurant.

AFTER Lorna there was a succession. There were Frances and Josie and Edith and Gertrude and Clara. The woman at the agency kept telling Shirley that she was doing the best she could, that she knew exactly the kind of a girl Shirley wanted—someone who could be depended upon—but that these days the agencies were simply up against it. Shortly after the New Year, Clara left, and the agency didn't have a single prospect to send out for an interview, not at any price.

Shirley finally got a girl to come in afternoons, do the breakfast dishes, and look after the children when they



"Start off by being tough, men, then taper off and grudgingly allow the client to place a token order."



"Gosh! You know what? Maybe no more K.P."

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came home from school. The girl also prepared dinner, and was in a rush to have it eaten and over with so that she could go home. Her name was Mildred and she talked about taking "one of those courses in aircraft draftsmanship" and had to be kept happy. When Gil complained about her cooking, which was dreadful, Shirley did her best to pacify him. "You can just see how it is, Gil," she pleaded. "I'm up against it."

Shirley was immersed in one of her most successful projects. The West Hills Women's Club was sponsoring a series of wartime fashion shows and she was chairman of the committee. It had been her idea to use War Stamps in place of tickets and to raffle off a five-hundred-dollar bond during the afternoons. The first two shows proved to be popular. Although a great many of the women who came were in uniform, their interest in clothes was as alive as ever. Shirley had arranged for a Miss Snowden to come out from New York to talk to them at each of the shows. Miss Snowden represented one of the large department stores. She was dark and sleek and looked somewhat like Ilka Chase. Miss Snowden's lectures on "It's Patriotic to Be Pretty" rather reminded them of Ilka Chase's on "How to Be Charming." After the fashion show and the address by Miss Snowden, tea was served. It was almost like the old days, except that hardly any of them wore silly hats and most of the conversation was, in one way or another, about the war effort and rationing.

The third show of the series was a sellout. Shirley had been asked to read the treasurer's report at the beginning of the afternoon, and she added a few comments of her own—how gratifying was the response of West Hills women to the club's latest project, how fortunate they all were to have Miss Snowden, and so on. Shirley looked pretty in her gray-blue Executive Corps uniform with her hair Victory-bobbed and waved crisply under her visored cap, but all the while she was talking, she was on edge about Mildred. When she went back to her table, she glanced at her wristwatch; it was three-thirty.

Mildred had arrived at noon, just as Shirley was leaving for the clubhouse, and had announced that she could only work part time that day. "I'll make the beds and clean up," she had said, "but I

BALLAD OF FINE DAYS

Temperatures have soared to almost summer temperatures ... making conditions ideal for bombing offensives.—*Excerpt from B.B.C. news broadcast.*

All in the summery weather,
To east and south and north,
The bombers fly together
And the fighters squire them forth.

While the lilac bursts in flower
And buttercups brim with gold,
Hour by lethal hour,
Now fiercer buds unfold.

For the storms of springtime lessen,
The meadow lures the bee,
And there blooms tonight in Essen
What bloomed in Coventry.

All in the summery weather,
Fleeter than swallows fare,
The bombers fly together
Through the innocent air.

For the evening walks in azure,
The dawn with brightness spills,
And the season's made to measure
For death and daffodils.

—Phyllis McGinley

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don't want to stay all afternoon. I'd like to leave early."

"Now, Mildred," Shirley had said, keeping her voice friendly and bantering, "this is a devilish time to let me know. I'm tied up this afternoon or I'd say fine, go right ahead. But as things are, it's impossible." She was sick and tired of the cat-and-mouse game that the girl had been playing with her, but what could she do? After Mildred what? "Aren't you happy here, Mildred?" she had asked.

Well, yes, Mildred had thought that she was happy. "Only," she had said, "I'd kind of like to be doing something for the war. I guess I don't have enough of an education to do that draftsmanship thing, but I've got a friend who's taking lessons in spot welding. The class just started and she told me—" "Listen, Mildred," Shirley had said, "I'm late now and I've got to dash. I can hardly blame you for wanting to make more money, but that can be arranged. I'll talk to Mr. Peterson about it and I'm sure he'll do the fair thing."

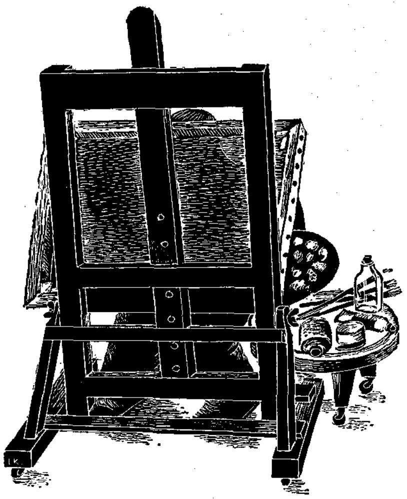
In her haste Shirley had neglected to say anything about dinner. It was going to be a warmed-over affair, however, so it didn't much matter. She wondered whether Mildred would remember to give the children milk and cookies when they came home from school. They were old enough to ask, certainly, but neither of them was a heavy eater and food usually had to be put in front of them or they'd just coast along without it.

At four-thirty Shirley looked at her wristwatch again. She wished uneasily that she had been more definite with Mildred and, during the applause for a mannequin exhibiting the new short evening dress, she slipped out and went to the telephone. She dialled her home number and listened to the bell ringing. There were two telephones in the house; there was no excuse for one of them not being answered. She waited for what seemed an interminable length of time, and then it became clear to her that no one was going to answer. She slipped the receiver back on its hook and sat there. She was really frightened.

Her first impulse was to call Gil at his office, but she decided against that, remembering that he had disapproved of Mildred from the beginning, saying that she was a nice enough girl but too young, too irresponsible. Gil was old-fashioned in a great many ways. He thought, for instance—Shirley shifted her mind from what Gil thought and sat staring at the telephone, trying to be calm. Mildred never went down to the village with the children. Then what had she done with them? Had she simply walked off and left them playing out in the yard alone? Shirley had another idea: Mrs. Brock. She telephoned Mrs. Brock and with a surge of relief learned that Buddy and Barbara were there.

Mrs. Brock's voice didn't have its usual cordiality. "That girl of yours," she said, "that Mildred, brought them over and left them. She said she had to go home early and to tell you she wasn't coming back. Buddy's been sneezing and Barbara says he's had a cold three days now. I'm trying to keep the twins away from him, but it's no easy job. Mr. Brock'll be home in an hour or so and I've dinner to get and—"

"I'll come right over," Shirley assured her quickly. Mrs. Brock's irritation had conveyed itself so sharply that Shirley flinched as she hung up the receiver. "Well," she thought, "I didn't notice that Buddy had a cold. He seemed all right at breakfast." She took out her compact and powdered her nose. Her face was quite flushed.



WHEN Shirley came back into the clubroom, the fashion show was ending and Miss Snowden was already up on the platform, about to begin her talk. Usually at the conclusion of Miss Snowden's talk there was an informal discussion. Miss Snowden would come down from the platform and have tea at the chairman's table, and club members would drift over to her to ask questions or just to chat. At the end of the afternoon the committee itself met in the lounge outside the clubroom and laid plans for getting together at an early date.

Shirley went over to her table and picked up her pocketbook and gloves.

"You're not leaving?" one of her friends asked her.

Shirley nodded and said, "Yes, I am."

The group at the table stared at her, and Miss Earl, who was Shirley's sub-chairman, cried, "Good heavens, Shirl, why?"

Shirley shrugged. "I have to go home," she said. It was curious, the way it sounded. So final, she thought, and she tried to smile goodbye.

—Decla Dunning

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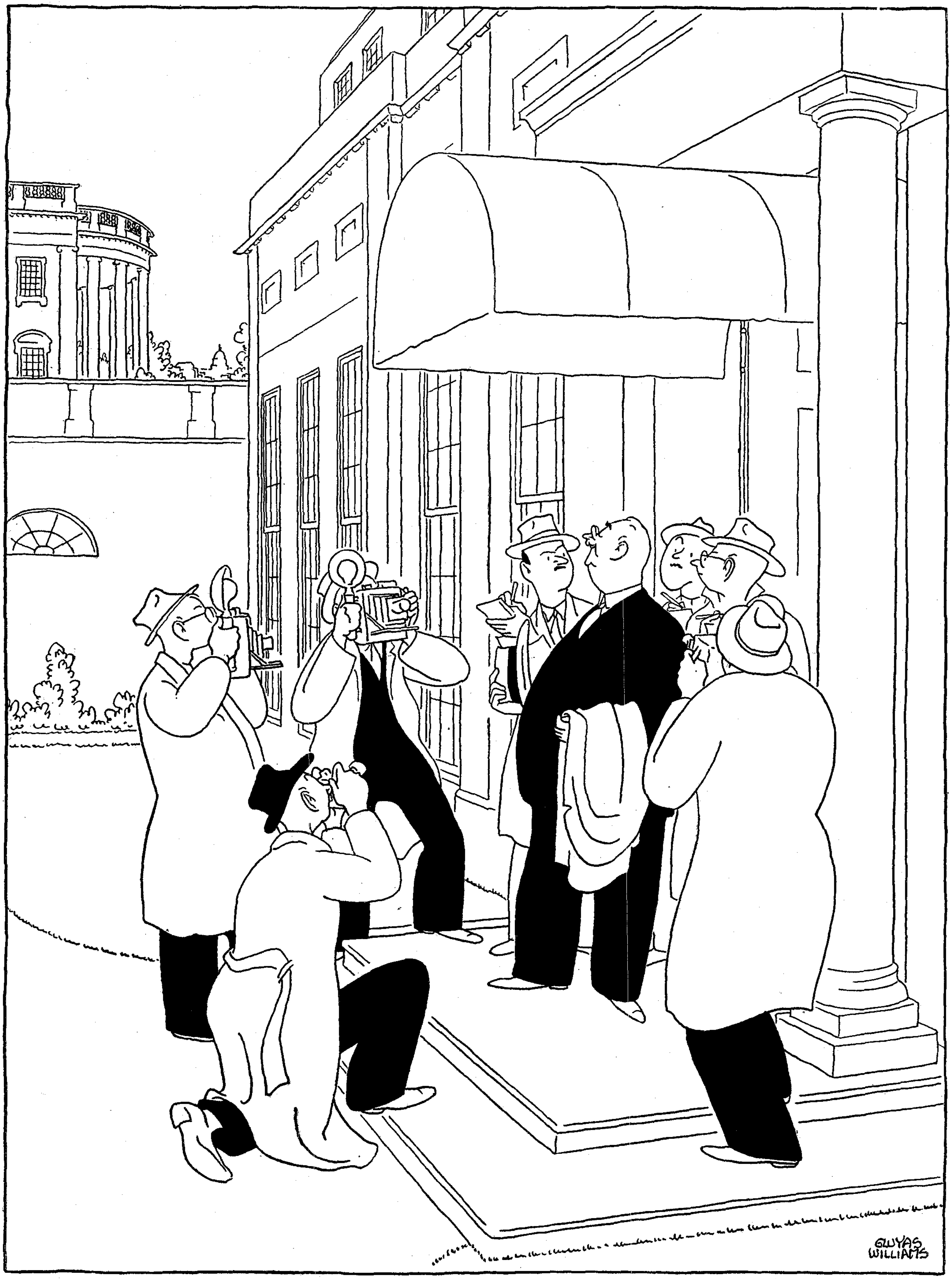
Great progress is being made in technology during the war. Eventually, these advances that are being achieved under terrific pressure to satisfy wartime production needs will inevitably be embodier in peacetime productsh.—*The Journal of Commerce.*

And already we're drunk with power.



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Conference with the President

PROFILES

YOUNG CAPTAIN CHIPS

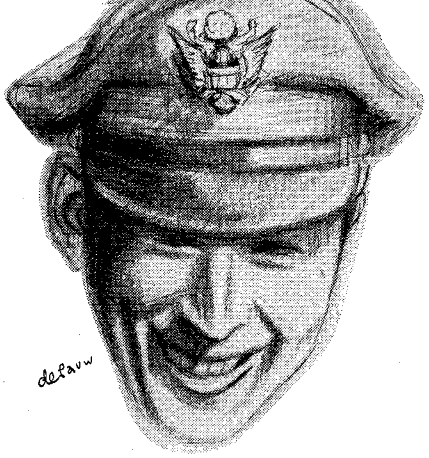
CAPTAIN DANIEL SNYDER, of the Army Air Forces Flying Training Command, went on his first flight in an airplane in March, 1940, when he was only a little over twenty years old. This was at a primary flight-training school near Dallas. He had been brought up in New York. His father is a lawyer, and the Snyders lived in a comfortable house in Larchmont. He was a sophomore at Amherst when, in the winter of 1939, he decided to enlist as an Aviation Cadet. "The folks weren't much for it," he says today, "but, the way I was getting along at college, it wasn't hard to make them see that I would be better off doing something else, and Dad's told me since that he thought at the time that, after all, if anything would straighten me out, the Army would. Dad and I get along swell these days. He says he was a crazy kid, too—when he was a kid."

Twenty-three years old now, Captain Snyder looks back on his youth with detachment. "Listen," he says. "The amazing thing about kids is that most of the time they don't know what the hell they're doing or why they're doing it. Now, take me. I didn't enlist as an Aviation Cadet because I wanted to fly, or because I thought there'd be a war, or because I wanted to make a career of the Army, or any of those things. What I wanted was a pair of silver wings and an officer's uniform. I was as foolish as any other kid. Can you imagine that? When I pictured myself as a flying officer in the Air Corps, I didn't think of flying. I thought of sitting in a night club with a girl and wearing my officer's uniform and my silver wings. It's funny how silly kids are, but it's the honest-to-God truth. When I got into that first airplane, I was scared as hell, and I mean scared!

"My instructor was nobody's fool. He knew I was scared and he took it awful easy on that first flight. Smooth and casual as a hay ride, and believe me, I know now that that's the hardest way to fly—smooth and casual. He worked me into it gradually, like weaning a baby or something. If he hadn't, I'd have probably washed out in primary. I knew a lot later on about how to handle kids, from thinking back on how he handled me. He was one swell guy.

"Finally, one day, he said to me, 'Take her up now and circle the field twice and try a landing on your own.' That was how he told me I was going to solo for the first time. I did it, and after I bumped her back on the ground again I knew I wasn't a kid any more, or at least that I had started to stop being one. I had been a silly, stuck-up, romantic kid, see, and I never had got much real kick out of doing anything serious. But this was serious. I had to remember everything my instructor had told me and watch my altitude and my angle of approach and how to throttle down and when to bring the stick back just a little, just before the old wheels touch the ground. It was serious, see, and I got a kick out of the way my mind was working away, all concentrated on one thing, thinking about nothing but how to do everything right, and my hands and feet acting with precision and accuracy almost by themselves. When I got her down that first time I knew I had hold of something I got a real kick out of. I knew I liked to fly. When I finally got my officer's uniform and my silver wings six months later, after going through basic and advanced training, I was happy about it, of course, but not the way I had pictured it. The uniform and the wings were nice, all right, and I took a girl to a night club as soon as I could afterward and sat there with my uniform on, and my silver wings. But, I mean, what I really got a kick out of was how I felt when I was in an airplane doing a lot of complicated things at once with my head and hands and doing them all damn near perfect. That's where the real kick is. I'm a good pilot. I don't say I couldn't be a better pilot, but I'm a goddam good pilot right now. I get a real kick out of that."

CAPTAIN SNYDER is stationed at a new air field on a flat, dry prairie in Texas. It is efficient, ugly, and remote—"rugged," as Army fliers say. It is one of many such training fields scattered across the southern half of the country from Florida to California at which thousands of pilots, bombardiers, gunners, and navigators are being trained for combat. Captain Snyder's station happens to be a navigation school. There are a cluster of plank-and-tarpaper barracks, a quadrangular pattern of concrete runways, several dozen twin-engine training airplanes, several hundred Navigation Cadets, and a number of civilian instructors and Air Corps officers who are teaching the Cadets how to be navigators. There are also a number of young and high-spirited Army pilots who recently finished their Aviation Cadet courses, got their silver wings and their lieutenants' bars, and were all set to go fight the Japs and Germans. Their job at the moment is to fly the Navigation Cadets up and down the Southwest and over the Gulf of Mexico, the pilot sitting alone in the cockpit while the Cadets sit in the cabin, watching their instruments and scribbling mathematical calculations.



Captain Snyder is in command of the pilots. His job is to teach them how to fly the Navigation Cadets so that the Cadets get the full benefit from a training mission. Once the pilots have learned to do this, Captain Snyder must see to it as best he can that they don't forget their lessons and take the Cadets hedge-hopping or rat-racing or perform other exciting aerial maneuvers which would distract the minds of the students riding in the cabin from any thought of mathematical calculation. He also has to do the administrative work of the squadron, looking after the pilots much as an infantry captain looks after his company. Captain Snyder is conscious of the fact that, for a wartime Army flier, he is in a somewhat special and isolated situation, but he has a realistic attitude toward the eccentricities of military destiny. "What is it you say you're doing to win the war, Danny?" a fellow flying officer asked Captain Snyder when he dropped into the officers' club at an Army tactical field near Denver recently in the course of a cross-country hop. "I'm teaching pilots to fly Navigation Cadets on navigation missions, and you go to hell," said Danny cheerfully.

Captain Snyder is what the Ar-

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my calls a "plowed-under pilot." The phrase is unfortunate, for it suggests that he is a surplus product. Actually, he and several thousand other pilots like him in the Flying Training Command represent a shrewd reinvestment. For every four or five cadets in pilot training, the Command uses one graduate pilot officer as a flying instructor. Other graduate pilots, instead of being sent immediately to combat, are used to fly student gunners, student bombardiers, and student navigators on training missions. Practically all these pilots are itching to get overseas, but the need for them in the training program is so obvious that most of them accept their assignments with patience. Also, they realize that the more flying they do, the better pilots they will be when at last they are sent to combat. Meanwhile they get a vicarious excitement out of watching the progress of the pilots, bombardiers, gunners, and navigators they have helped to train. Captain Snyder, for example, recently came across, in a dispatch from England, the name of a pilot who had once been in his squadron at the navigation school. The pilot had brought his Fortress back from a raid on Germany with two of the four motors shot out and a good many holes in the wings and fuselage. Snyder tore the story out of the newspaper and went around waving it in front of everybody he saw that day. "This little bastard," he would say, "gave me one hell of a lot of trouble when he was here. He was a good guy but he was hot and he wanted to hedge-hop and rat-race all the time. But he finally learned. The more he flew the student navigators around, the more he got it into his head that flying is serious. He wasn't being any hot pilot when he got that Fortress back. He was using his head." Snyder then would act out the return of the Fortress, bringing the big plane across the Channel on the two motors and compensating for the lost power by intricate manipulation of the throttles.

When Captain Snyder is acting out a flight, he looks a good deal like an airplane, although the illusion is less successful when he is trying to imitate anything as large and complicated as a Fortress. He is best as a single-engine trainer; say an AT-6. His head is the engine, his arms are the wings, his torso is the fuselage, and his feet, which he spreads apart in a slew-footed position, are the tail. By fluttering his tongue and growling, he simulates an engine at various speeds and under diverse conditions—starting, full throttle, missing, stalling, recovering. He usually stands up and weaves about when he is going through a complicated maneuver, such as a *chandelle*, but without leaving his chair he can take off, climb, turn, dive, straighten out, and land before your eyes. He is also able to crash convincingly and not hurt himself. One day recently, however, in giving an informal lecture to his pilots, he sprained a finger on the Coca-Cola machine in the pilots' locker room. Ice had been forming on his wings and he was coming down cautiously, looking for an opening in the soup. Suddenly he saw the top of a hill. He banked and climbed abruptly. The Coca-Cola machine was in the way. "See?" he said, quickly recovering and wringing his injured hand. "You never know what you're going to run into. Now remember—never think everything is O.K. when you're up there in an airplane. You got to use your goddam head all the time." The pilots bought him a Coca-Cola.

THE Air Corps, more casual than other Army organizations, has the personality of a militarized Wendell Willkie. Members of the Air Corps, especially those who are fliers, are able to do many unorthodox things which other Army people would like to do but can't. Army fliers, for example, arbitrarily remove from the crown of the visored Army cap the wire ring which makes it stiff and formal. They say they do this because then the flier's earphones may be worn comfortably over the hat. This is true, but it is likewise true that most fliers fly bareheaded and that the Air Corps generals, who also remove the rings from their hats, seldom, if ever, have to wear earphones. The ringless hat, however, is floppy and rakish and gives the wearer a distinctive air when he is with other Army men.

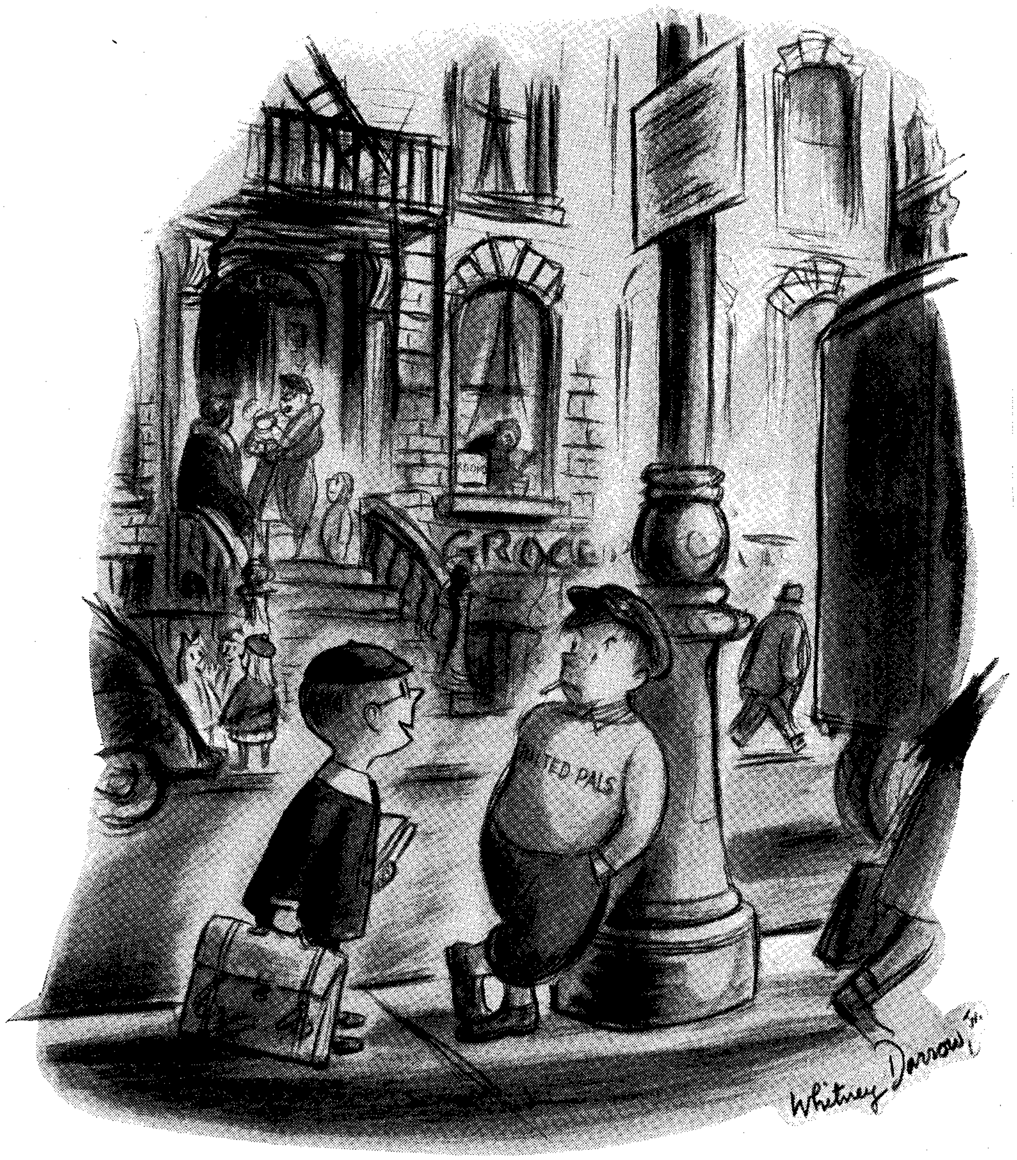
Captain Snyder is a typical Air Corps officer. He is able to relax with his pilots and if it were not for the fact that he got married and settled down a year and a half ago, and is about to become a father, he could have a really good time with them on the overnight missions, which take them as far west as Denver and as far east as Mississippi and Alabama. After these hops, the pilots usually gather in a hotel room and have a few drinks before everybody goes off on his own to see what the city in question has to offer. Snyder sits with them for a while and has a few drinks himself. They call him Danny and he calls them by their first names, too. They talk of flying almost exclusively, although anecdotes about other adventures, especially amatory ones, get into the conversation now and then. Danny enjoys these sessions, but he also makes a point of learning something about the character of his comrades and taking mental notes on how best to get an idea across to them in conversations of an official nature which he knows he will have with them later on. He makes no bones about this and wouldn't consider for a moment that he is betraying the conventional tacit understanding between men who relax together. He had this out not long ago with a pilot who protested that Danny shouldn't take advantage of the knowledge that he, the pilot, had once made the mistake of courting two sisters simultaneously. Danny had brought the matter up when he was bawling the pilot out for allowing his airplane to slide out of the traffic pattern over an airport a thousand miles away from, and a week after, the hotel-room confession. "Listen," said Danny, "your love life is private and it don't matter to me if you run after a sextette of sisters and get your hair pulled out in bunches. But your aviation life is public. If you got bad judgment in one place you got it in another, and when you go taking a B-17 full of bombs on an extremely important mission over there in Australia or Africa or someplace, I don't want anybody to say I said you were good on your efficiency report when you fool with two sisters simultaneously and stick your airplane out of the traffic pattern. See? It's just common sense, that's all. But your love life is private and I won't care if I hear rumors about you and a two-headed circus freak who was under the age of consent as long as you keep your goddam airplane in the traffic pattern."

The pilots in Captain Snyder's squadron range in age from nineteen to twenty-four and a half. He is firm with them, sometimes even severe, but on the whole sympathetic. He remembers that when he was a kid he wanted to be a hot pilot and realizes that in time his pilots will agree with him that the term is an opprobrious one. Until they learn that flying is serious, he will continue to think of them as kids. He is full of theories about how to get his ideas across to kids so that they are impressed but not discouraged. He usually talks to them in a good-humoredly paternal tone, rather studiedly intended to combine common sense with a little humor. Imperfections in flying technique affect him much as a shaky sentence or a mangled participle might affect a venerable but tolerant professor of English. The other day he criticized one of his pilots for having made a perfect landing during a dust storm that had swept up suddenly and obscured the landing field. "The landing was good," he said, "but the judgment was lousy. You should have stayed up there or else gone to another field where visibility wasn't zero. You could have come down right on top of another AT-7. And one AT-7 on top of another, with would-be navigators turning somersaults over their drift meters, is not a pretty sight. Not a pretty sight at all."

"O.K., Captain Chips," said the pilot.

"I get it," said Danny.

WHEN a new flier, a young second lieutenant just graduated from one of the flying schools, reports to Captain Snyder's squadron, the first thing Captain Snyder does is to go for a ride with him in an airplane. Snyder doesn't bother to interview the new man, or even to exchange ordinary pleasantries with him, before they have been up together. Until they have done that, it is as if they had not been introduced. The new man arrives at the field, signs his name in the officers' register at the adjutant's office, and reports to the adjutant, who looks over his orders and tells him to see Captain Snyder at squadron headquarters. Snyder is probably up in the air somewhere, so the new man waits around headquarters for an hour or so. Finally Snyder comes in, wearing a soiled leather flying jacket, his floppy cap pushed back on his head. The young lieutenant may salute him and say, "Sir, Lieutenant So-and-so reporting for duty," in which case Snyder will look somewhat pained and will mutter



"The class expressed considerable solicitude when your absence was remarked, Spider. We sincerely hoped you were not ill."

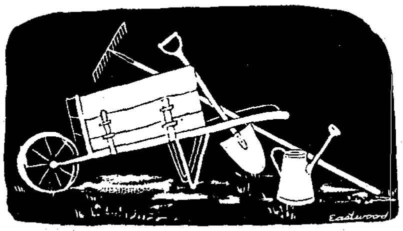
something about there not being much formality around this squadron. The chances are, however, that the young lieutenant knows enough just to go up to Captain Snyder, look respectful without saluting, and tell him his name and the fact that he has been assigned to the squadron. Whatever he says, Snyder doesn't look at him closely and doesn't catch the name. He invariably says, "Roger. Wait around and we'll take a ride."

In the Air Forces, the term "roger" means, roughly, "O.K.," but it has other connotations. A flier says "roger," for example, in replying to radio instructions on how to land his airplane when the ceiling is low and the immediate possibilities highly unpredictable. When he says it, he somehow conveys the idea that he has heard the instructions all right but that nobody should forget that he is up there in an airplane and that what he does in the next few minutes is, strictly speaking, nobody's business but his own. A flier never says "roger" with enthusiasm. He always says it laconically.

When the time comes to take a new man up, Snyder remains aloof while they pick up their parachutes and walk down the runway to whatever airplane Snyder has selected for the flight. A meticulous psychologist, Snyder realizes that by this time his pupil has lost whatever false assurance he had when he reported for duty; he also realizes that by this time his pupil may be feeling just a bit too tense. Accordingly, when they are inside the plane fastening their safety belts, Snyder looks over at the sober face next to him and grins. It is an attractive grin and it comes from Snyder's heart as well as from his head. "I really like these kids," he once remarked, in explaining his attitude toward them. "But, goddam it, you got to be careful in this business all the time. If you make them feel too easy, they're lousy, and if you make them feel too scared, they're lousy."

Up in the air, Snyder talks to his pupil over the inter-phone, giving him instructions and watching him carry them out. He asks for a straight course at a certain altitude, he asks for a slow turn, a fast turn, a dive, and perhaps a *chandelle* and a lazy eight, depending on the type of airplane they are flying. Then he lets the pupil bring the airplane back to the field and land it.

From this point on, Snyder's attitude toward the young lieutenant is no longer aloof. He is passionately interested in him and his head is full of ideas about him. The chances are that, after a silent walk from the airplane to the squadron headquarters, Snyder will grin once more and will say, "How about a coke at the club?" At the officers' club they will sit down together at a table and have a coke, or maybe a beer, if it is after six and if Snyder isn't planning on doing any flying that evening. Snyder then proceeds, with a certain deliberateness, to make friends with the young lieutenant and to find out all about him. If the new man has turned out to be a flier of really exceptional talent, Snyder may tell him flatly that he is a good pilot and go on to point out a number of things about his technique which might be improved. If the new man is just average, which means that he has potentialities but needs careful and prolonged instruction before he will begin to measure up to Snyder's high standards of perfection, Snyder won't try to tell him much on the first day but will devote himself to studying his man and figuring out which one of his many systems of instruction are going to work best with him.



The pilots who report to Captain Snyder are by no means novices and none of them is what a flier would call a bad pilot. They have had twenty-nine weeks of pre-flight school, where they learned Army discipline, learned to drill, and learned in classrooms something about the theory of flying and meteorology; they have had six weeks of primary flight-training school, where they flew for the first time; they have

VILLON REVISITED

Where, then, are the poets' darlings, Generals Caesar and Alexander,
And the dove-eyed world-movers, bright Helen and dark Cleopatra?
Dead, say the books. Dead, it is written. Neither here nor there. Quite dead.
If the nose of one had been . . . Yes, if the Spartan climate
Had not induced promiscuity . . . Or if another had not
Had an eye for an ankle . . . Had this one not liked his wine . . .
But he did, and she did. They did. And they ended together,
Quite dead. Neither here nor there. Dead, say the books. It is written.

And the others, where are they? For instance, Charlemagne with his beard,
Or that Louis the What who rattled the saints in his head,
Or Victoria, so heavy with virtue that she could hardly stand,
Or Catherine, wrapped up in furs and affairs on the eighteenth-century ice?
They've taken a quiet trip in a quiet troika
Or coach or litter or train, which, like the trains
Of Mexico, is often late but gets there just the same.
What remains may be a gold mirror or a necklace in a case.

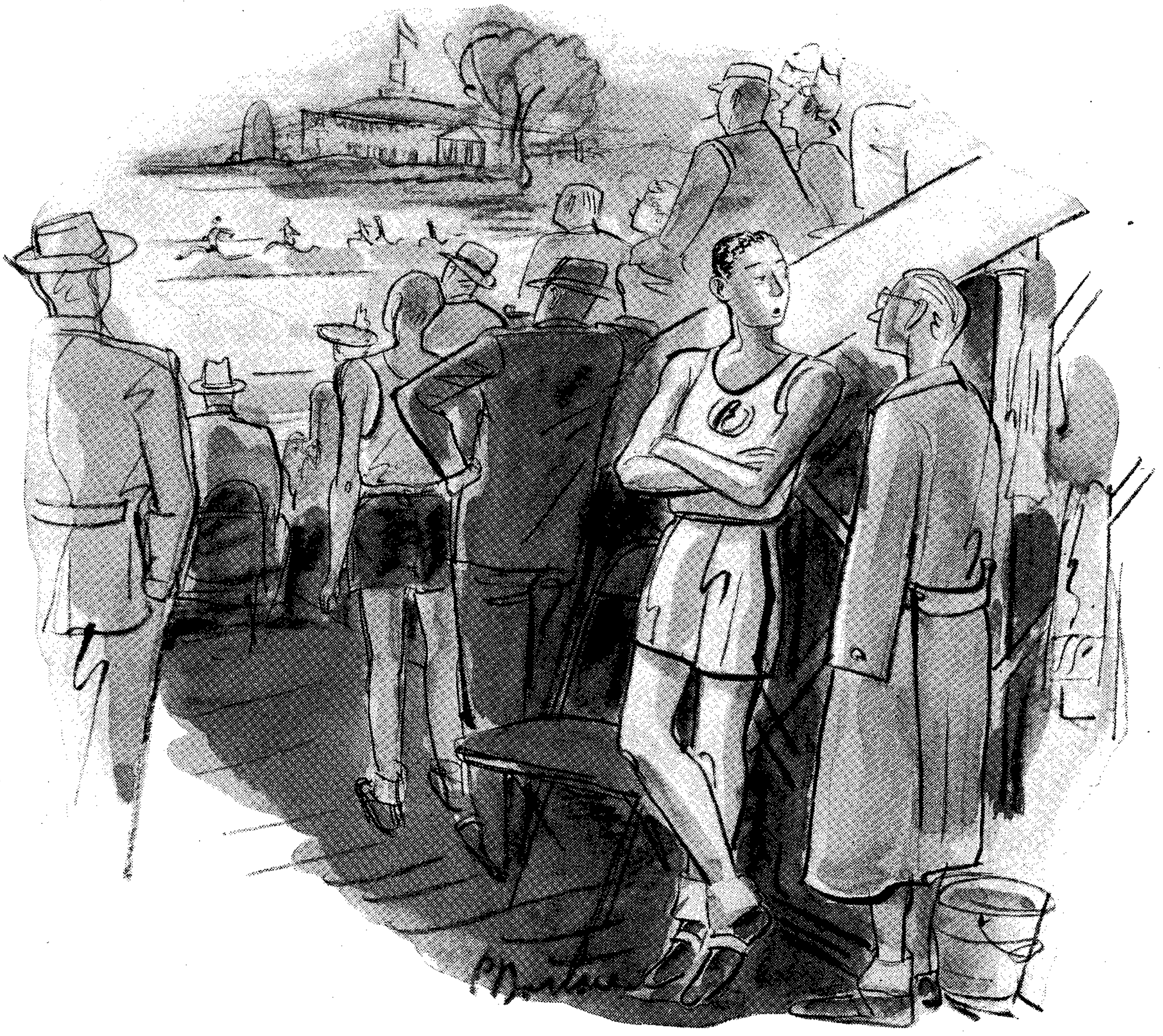
The great go out like candles in a room,
And fame's a wick that smokes a while and then grows very cold.
Yon Minister full of treaties will go the way of his clauses,
And thus, you may be sure, will disappear
The passionate actress, the novelist woolly with thoughts,
And the philosopher who improved Plato so famously and badly.
Dark Time will dim our incandescent beauties,
White age will wither them, custom stale their use.

Where, then, you may ask, are the darlings of poets, the handsome and the cruel,
The poisonous and the productive, the privileged and the proud?
Like the flame of a candle, out. Gutterings of time.
Hysterics of history. O great, O fierce, O burning,
Ask me no more where Jove bestows the famous,
Question no longer the disposition of the divine.
The snows of yesterday have melted in the sun,
They have run down the mountain and away.

The books do not quite say this. But it is written.

—Harry Brown

• •



"Did you notice that reference to me in the paper this morning—'poetry in action'?"

had six weeks of basic flight-training school, where they flew heavier and faster training airplanes; and they have had six weeks of advanced flight-training school, where they flew single-seater pursuit ships or heavy, two-engine bombers. Snyder doesn't think of them as novices; it is just that although he feels that he has never seen a perfect pilot (including himself), he passionately believes that every man who flies an airplane ought to be as nearly perfect as he can be.

"Look," he will say to one of his pilots, "you're still jerky, my friend. You're not smooth yet after all these years. Coming down from Dallas this afternoon, you were supposed to be flying a straight compass course and to hell with the maps. But you were looking at your maps just to make sure and every goddam time you looked at your maps you let her slip off course and then you had to nose her around on course again. You can make a beautiful landing and I've seen you show judgment that was wonderful under the circumstances. You're accurate and sure. But don't you see that when you get out over Germany or someplace, you aren't going to be able to recognize the Dallas-Houston railroad and your maps aren't going to be worth hardly a good goddam unless you spot the Eiffel Tower or something? And even then, if you let her slip off course when you're looking at your maps, you're going to get lost. You had a compass course coming back from Dallas and that was what you were supposed to fly."

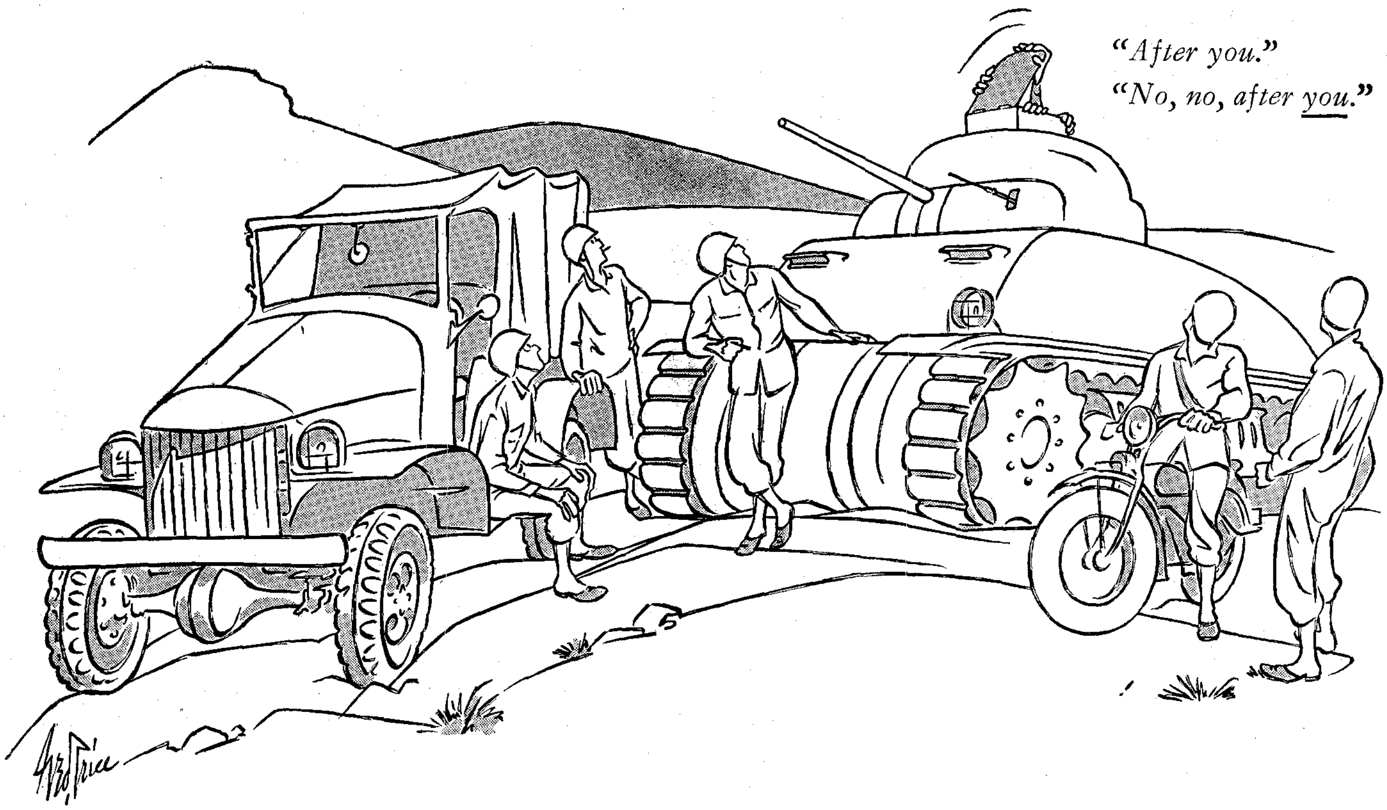
The pilots like Captain Snyder in spite of everything. "He's a real honey," they will tell you gravely. "He's serious, and he keeps after you all the time, and when you think you've just done something awful good he'll admit it and then remember something you did awful bad. But he's a real honey and you can't stay sore at him and you can't help knowing you're learning a hell of a lot all the time."

• •

A GOOD deal of Captain Snyder's administrative work concerns the efficient functioning of the navigation school. He must see to it that each week a prescribed number of navigators are given a certain number of hours in the air and that his pilots fly them according to instructions laid down by the curriculum. He also must keep track of the time his pilots spend in the air and see to it that they don't spend too much. Pilots, if they aren't restrained by a military order, will fly themselves sick, just as horses will run themselves to death. Snyder watches their time sheets and watches the men themselves. He lays a pilot off for a couple of days when it seems necessary. He handles a fairly impressive amount of paperwork with an impatient sort of conscientiousness and gets along fine with the commanding officer of the station, whom he quietly worships. The C.O. is a lieutenant colonel, a pilot, and a West Pointer, and will be thirty years old this summer.

Snyder's routine, like the flight of an airplane, is rigidly controlled in some respects and in others is liable to wild and abrupt interruptions. At times his work is dull. It goes along steadily and nothing much seems to happen. Then, all at once, a bevy of new pilots will report for duty, some of his best men will be assigned to combat units, two or three airplanes will get out of commission, and the weather will turn bad.

Snyder is highly adaptable. When things are going smoothly he works and plays on a schedule as commonplace as any office worker's. He gets down to the operations office around eight o'clock in the morning and meets his wife at the officers' club for a drink around five in the afternoon. Mrs. Snyder is a beautiful Texas girl. The Snyders usually sit at the club for a while with two or three



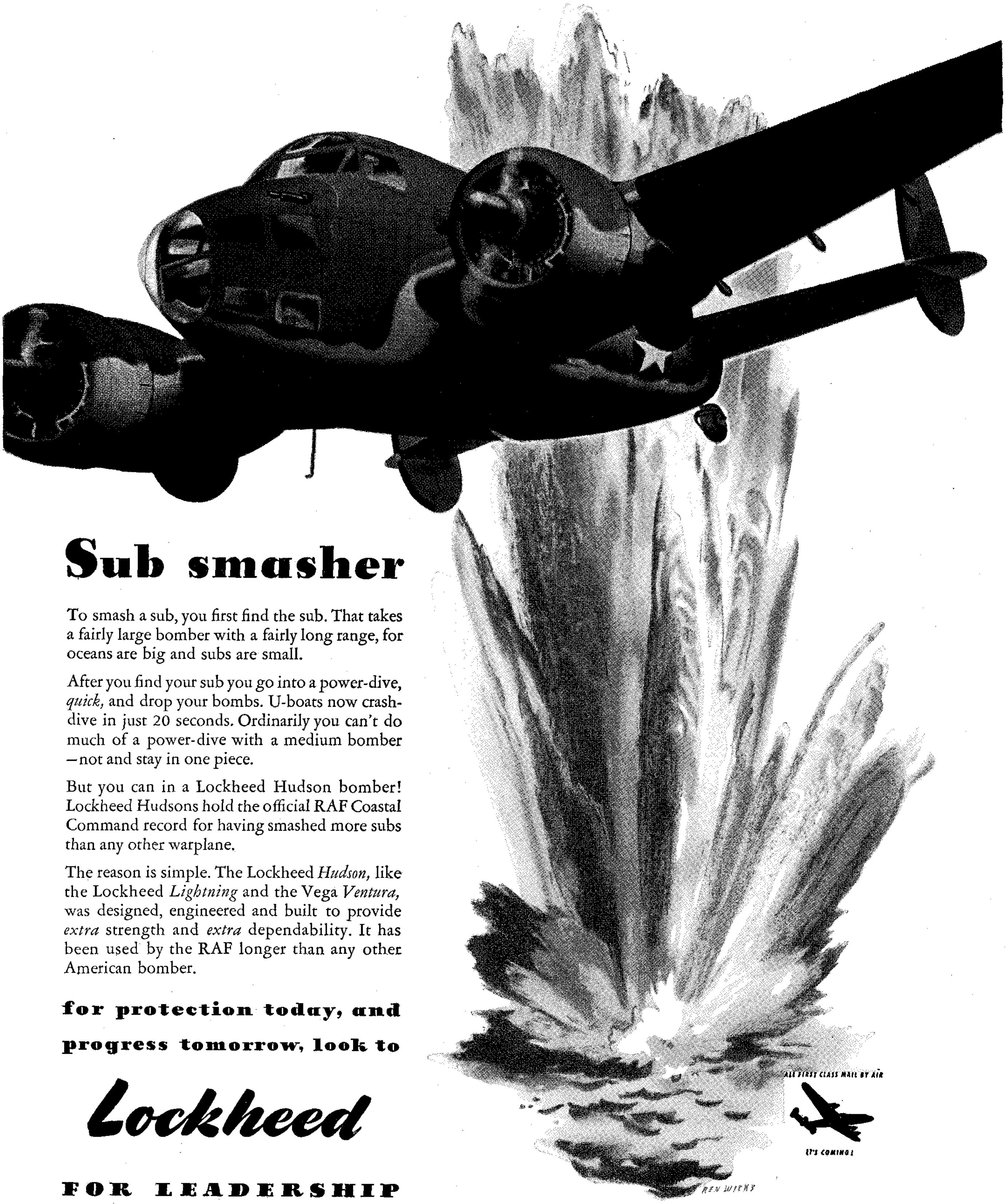
"After you."
"No, no, after you."

Air Corps friends and at one point or another Snyder almost invariably will turn to Mrs. Snyder and say, "Honey, you certainly are pretty!," and she will smile at him affectionately. They have dinner at home, cooked by Mrs. Snyder, or else go into town to a juke-box place or a Mexican restaurant, and maybe somewhere to dance afterward with some of the pilots and their wives or girls. The Snyders' house is at the post, just beyond the western approach to the air field, and all day and all night they can hear the airplanes in the sky. Mrs. Snyder has never been up in an airplane except when she flew to New York with Danny on their honeymoon a year and a half ago; that was on a commercial airplane and Danny tells her that doesn't count. She listens to a great deal of talk about flying but doesn't ever say much about it herself. She just loves Danny and looks after him carefully.

When Snyder's work is not going smoothly, he sleeps and eats at random. He may go for three or four days without taking more than short naps or sitting down to a regular meal. He sleeps at such times on the floor of the operations office, using a parachute bag for a pillow and a winter flying suit for a mattress, or he may run home for a couple of hours after midnight and set his alarm clock to go off before dawn. He seems to be equally at ease on and off schedule. Many good pilots feel right and secure only when they are flying. On the ground they are bored and seemingly without resources. They go in for violent entertainment of one kind or another, and frequently wind up with nervous breakdowns. Snyder would rather fly than do anything else, but he is calm even when he is not in the air. "I think about flying an awful lot when I'm on the ground," he once remarked. "There are so many possibilities in flying that, if you get the habit, you can think about them all the time and never get to the end of them. You first think about what might happen under a certain set of circumstances, then you think what you might do wrong, and then what you might do right. It's like a game. I do it all the time. I can't help it. But it keeps me busy even when I'm not busy, if you know what I mean."

Snyder met his wife at a dance in San Antonio when he was a cadet at Randolph Field. His first words to her, she has since told people, were "Honey, you certainly are pretty!" He took her out as often as he could after that and they agreed to get married as soon as he got his wings. She was nineteen then and living with her family in San Antonio, where her father ran a shoe store. When the Snyders went to New York for their honeymoon, Danny's mother and father, who are in their forties, took them to theatres and night clubs and the four of them had a fine time. Mrs. Snyder says that she'd rather go out with Danny's mother and father than with any of her friends in San Antonio. "They're just as *young!*" she says with astonishment. "They dance and everything."

Danny himself feels pretty old at times, he says. He felt old only the other day when he was "checking out" a new pilot in an AT-7. "Checking out" means taking a new pilot for a ride and sizing him up. Snyder took the man up in an AT-7, a two-engine training ship. When they were about to come in for a landing, Danny was handling the controls and was just going to turn them over to the new pilot to see how good a landing he could make. A B-24 was flying ahead of them, slightly off to the right, and Danny was watching to be sure the new flier didn't get too close to the wake of the big, four-motored ship. The hurricane of air, called the "prop wash," sent back by such a ship can toss a small plane like an AT-7 around as if it were a piece of paper. The B-24 turned into his path and suddenly the right wing of the AT-7 dipped as if it had been hit by a great weight. There was only one thing to do at a low altitude, under these circumstances, to avoid spinning in and crashing. That was to push the throttle of the right engine as far as it would go, and to push it quickly, so that the added power on that side of the plane would bring the wing up again before the airplane went into a spin. The way Danny and the new pilot were sitting in the double cockpit of the AT-7 that day, Danny's right hand and the new pilot's left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REN WICKS

Sub smasher

To smash a sub, you first find the sub. That takes a fairly large bomber with a fairly long range, for oceans are big and subs are small.

After you find your sub you go into a power-dive, *quick,* and drop your bombs. U-boats now crash-dive in just 20 seconds. Ordinarily you can't do much of a power-dive with a medium bomber—not and stay in one piece.

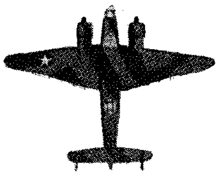
But you can in a Lockheed Hudson bomber! Lockheed Hudsons hold the official RAF Coastal Command record for having smashed more subs than any other warplane.

The reason is simple. The Lockheed *Hudson,* like the Lockheed *Lightning* and the Vega *Ventura,* was designed, engineered and built to provide *extra* strength and *extra* dependability. It has been used by the RAF longer than any other American bomber.

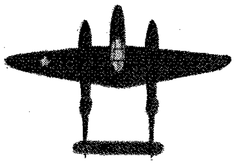
for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

Lockheed

FOR LEADERSHIP



Vega Ventura
medium-range bomber



Lockheed P-38
Lightning fighter

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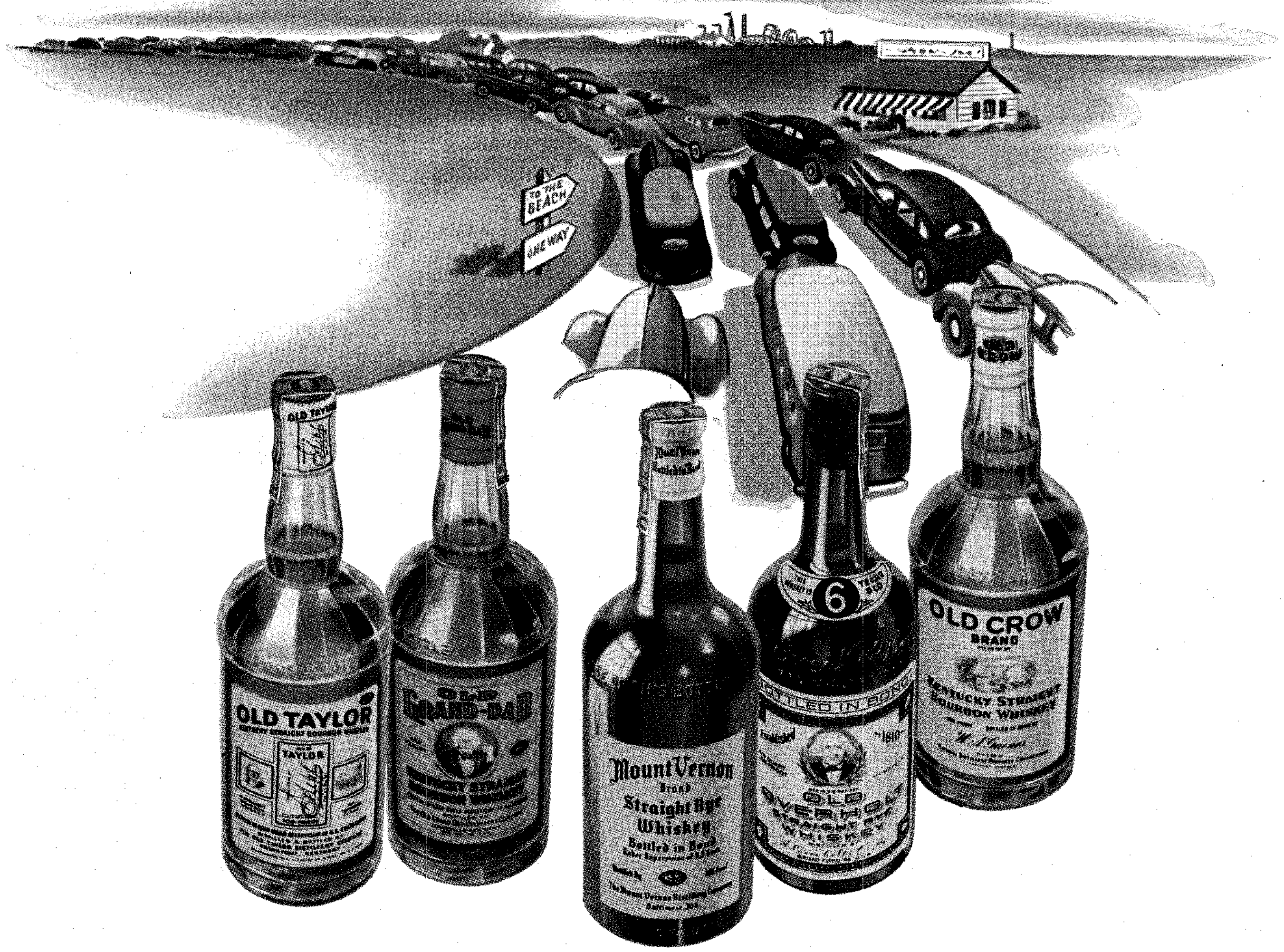
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Long Before Pearl Harbor
they were aging in oak


TO THE BEACH
ONE WAY
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Mount Vernon
Brand
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Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
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BOTTLED IN BOND
1810
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

YEARS before there were any gasoline ration books, these great whiskies were laid away to age under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Fifty years ago, you see, the Congress of the United States passed a very fortunate law for the man who really likes fine whiskies. This Bottled-in-Bond Act specifies strict regulations governing bottled in bond whiskies.

As a result, none of the emergency changes forced upon most other products by war-time needs have touched these great whiskies. So whenever you buy *these* bottled in bond products you obtain identically the same quality. It is no special privilege or favor but simply a matter of long-standing law.

At a time when National Distillers is not making a drop of whiskey and when every distillery the Company owns has been completely turned over to the production of alcohol for war purposes, it is pleasant to know that without being selfish, wasteful or unpatriotic, you can find in any one of these five great brands of whiskey the same unchanged and unchanging quality that you used to like 5, 10 or even 50 years ago. *Every drop of it was laid away long before Pearl Harbor.*

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD, 100 PROOF, BOTTLED IN BOND, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP., N. Y.

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MAY 19 THRU 23
S. HUROK
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MATINEES MAY 8, 9, 22 AND 23—85c TO $2.75

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CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
John C. Wilson *presents*
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BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
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MILTON BERLE
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JACK COLE SUE RYAN NADINE GAE TOMMY WONDER
and DEAN MURPHY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
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OLSEN & JOHNSON'S
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46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. at 8:20. • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.

HERMAN SHUMLIN *presents*
ETHEL BARRYMORE
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THE CORN IS GREEN
EMLYN WILLIAMS' *Greatest Success*
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Michael Myerberg *presents*
Tallulah BANKHEAD ★ Fredric MARCH ★ Florence ELDRIDGE
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The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"NEWEST SURE-FIRE HIT." *Rascoe, World Tel.*
THERON BAMBERGER *presents*
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY SHIRLEY BOOTH
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Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 32

were in a position to get at the throttles. Both hands shot forward, and the new pilot's hand got there first. "It was marvellous," Danny will tell you, after he has acted out the drama, dipping his right wing almost to the floor to show how the AT-7 was about to go into a spin. "It was just marvellous. When a wing goes down like that, you've got to think fast and act fast. In fact, you can't waste time thinking. You've got to act and you've got to *know* what to do without thinking. I'm fast, but that kid was faster. It was his left hand, too, and he isn't left-handed. I couldn't believe it, but there it was. It was marvellous, just marvellous. But I sure felt old." —JOHN KIRKPATRICK

•

(FOR RELEASE TUESDAY)
IN MOVIELAND
BY HAROLD E. SWISHER
MOTION PICTURE EDITOR,
UNITED PRESS RADIO.

SODIUM AND CHLORINE GOT TOGETHER, AND AN ENGAGEMENT RESULTED.

IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT, AND ALMOST AS CCIENTIFIC.

GREER GARSON, STILL THRILLED BY HER ACADEMY AWARD AS LAST YEAR'S TOP ACTRESS, AND WALTER PIDGEON WERE DOING THE ROMANTIC HIGHLIGHT OF THE M-G-M PICTURE, "MADAME CURIE" MADE FROM EVE CURIE'S BOOK ABOUT HER FAMOUR PARENTS.

THEY HAD WORKED TOGEHTER FOR MONTHS IN PIERRE CURIEOS LITTLE LABORATORY, AT THE START OF A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS WHICH FINALLY RESULTS IN THE DISCOVERY OF RADIUM.

PIERRE NEVER REALIZED THAT HIS INTEREST IN MARIE WAS MORE THAN PROFESSIONAL UNTIL SHE SPENT A WEEK-END AS A HOUSE GUEST AT HIS PARENTS' HOME.

WHEN THE FACT THAT HE'S IN LOVE DAWNS UPON HIM, HE WASTES NO TIME. MARIE HAS GONE TO BED, BUT PIERRE BURSTS INTO THE GUEST ROOM. AFTER A FEW CLUMSY APOLOGI/N HE SAYS:

"I AM INCLINED TO BE NERVOUS AND IMPATIENT. YOU ARE QUR2 HX
LO HC
THE
O

"I AM INCLINED TO BE NEUV WVOUE AND
I R2 HX

"I AM INCLINED TO BE NERVOUS AND IMPATIENT. YOU ARE QUITE THE OPPOSITE. YOU HAVE A LEAR MIND

HC PLS RESTART LINE "FEW CLUMSY X X
HXR
INTO THE GUEST R
FEW CLUMSY APOLOGI/N HE SAYS:
; FIX THAT WORD HXR
FEW CLUMSY APOLOGIES, HE SAYS:
VZI AM INCLINED TO BE NER

"I AM INCLINED TO BE NERVOUS AND IMPATIENT. YOU ARE QUITE THE OPPOSITE. YOU HAVE A LEAR MIND, YOU ARE TENACIOUS, YOU WILL NEVER GIVE UP.—*U.P. dispatch received by Hawaiian Broadcasting System.*

Maybe *she* won't, but *we* will.

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WINNER
New York Drama Critics' Prize
THE PATRIOTS
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NATIONAL Theatre, 41st St. W. of B'way
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MAXWELL ANDERSON'S
The EVE. of ST. MARK
"Heroic..Hilarious..Overwhelming"
—ANDERSON, *Journal-American*
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Both Productions Staged by HASSARD SHORT

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Present
RAY BOLGER
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"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
By Julian F. Thompson
with
BENAY VENUTA RONALD GRAHAM NANETTE FABRAY
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OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
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A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
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LE GALLIENNE • SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
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"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
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$2 TOP ALL PERFS.
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MAJESTIC TH., 44 St., W. of B'way
EVES. INCL. SUN. AT 8:40.
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Dark Eyes
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
ELENA MIRAMOVA
JAY FASSETT
PRODUCTION BY JED HARRIS
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All officers of the United Nations Armed Forces welcome. No membership fees. Reading and writing facilities—games—music—entertainment every evening. Dances three times a week. Cocktail parties Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

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THE THEATRE

UNDER PRESSURE

SERIOUSLY intimidated by various cultured companions, I eventually voted for "The Patriots" as the best play of the season. In view of the fact that Thornton Wilder, the author of "The Skin of Our Teeth," hadn't at the time (and hasn't yet, as far as I know) denied that he leaned heavily on the late James Joyce for inspiration, his piece could hardly be regarded as a candidate for the prize, a consideration that evidently didn't weigh with the Pulitzer Committee. The only thing I can't understand, after a second visit to Sidney Kingsley's parody outline of history, is how I ever came to subscribe to it as "dignified, thoughtful, vigorous" and whatever other majestic adjectives my colleagues and I finally cooked up to be engrossed on a scroll for posterity.

"The Patriots" probably has a certain documentary value, since it contains several things Thomas Jefferson wrote, a lot that he may or may not have said, and hints now and then of how he may conceivably have behaved. In addition to all this, you are permitted to inspect actors representing George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, James Monroe, and the son of the Marquis de Lafayette, all of whom speak up loud and clear, if not precisely with the voice of history. As a form of entertainment, however, Sergeant Kingsley's play is such that after witnessing again the scene in which the Father of Our Country takes off his wig to go fishing, my companion and I wandered off into the night without comment and never came back. Like Harriet Beecher Stowe, also the subject of a certain amount of attention this season, Mr. Jefferson appears to have been patriotic, eloquent, and wise, but not really terribly entertaining around the house.

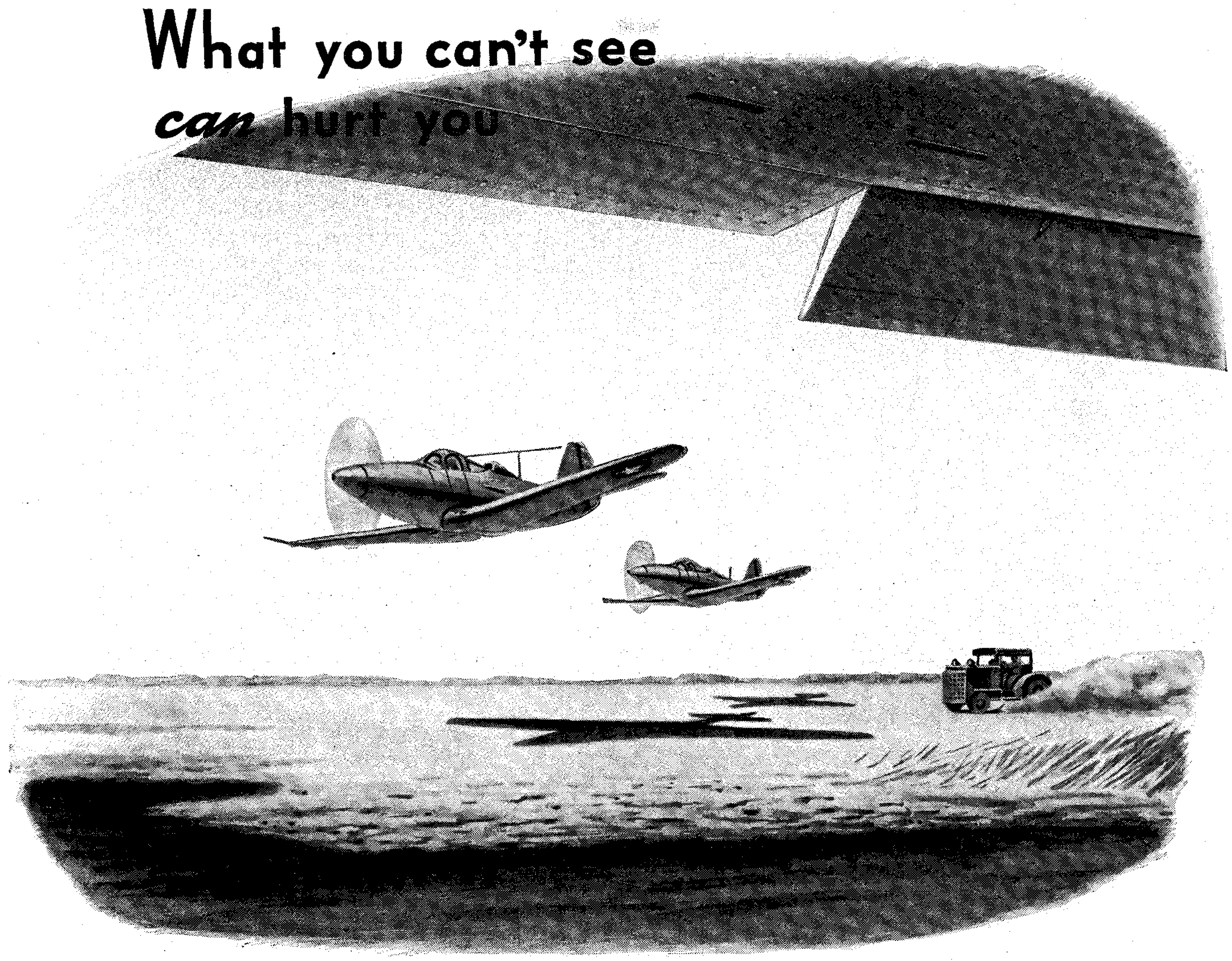
MAJOR WILDER's fantasy is something else, regardless of the scandalous things that have been said about it. It is witty in the best sense—the Atlantic City boardwalk scene is probably as funny as anything you've ever seen in the theatre; it has moments of unusual eloquence—Mrs. Antrobus throwing the letter containing all the things that women know into the sea, and George Antrobus's final meeting with his son, who is also Cain; there are at least four magnificent performances—by Tallulah Bankhead, who is alternately a general houseworker, a beauty-contest winner, and a camp-follower; Fredric March, who may be Adam or George Antrobus or you or me; Florence Eldridge, who is the epitome of all wives and, like the rest of the cast, has lived for better than five thousand years; and Florence Reed, who is sardonic and wonderful as the voice of doom.

The late Mr. Woollcott to the contrary, "The Skin of Our Teeth" can hardly be said to "stand head and shoulders above anything ever written for our stage," but it is certainly the most arresting performance of a generally dismal season. "Oklahoma!," of course, is as pleasant as anything you could hope to see, but it isn't apt to stir up any special controversy except whether Richard Rodgers hasn't written his handsomest score since "The Garrick Gaieties."

This column is obviously in the nature of an apology, since a man who deliberately endorses an inferior product owes at least some explanation to the customers. As I have said, the explanation in this case is that Major Wilder, for reasons of his own, hasn't considered it necessary to affirm or contradict the more or less serious charge of plagiarism advanced by persons generally regarded as responsible. The apology is offered because of a dim suspicion that I may have conspired to sell all of you a lemon.

BURLESQUE is a sharp and slippery weapon, only too apt to turn in the hand and cut its perpetrator to ribbons. This happened, unfortunately, one night last week when "The First Million," by Irving Elman, slid into the Ritz Theatre and badgered a capacity audience to the brink of insanity. Mr. Elman's intent, presuming he had any, was to kid a story of terror and violence, in somewhat the manner of "Arsenic and Old Lace;" what happened was a performance that left its customers embarrassed, nervous, or, like this paid observer, merely sleepy. It is just possible that the art of parody is harder than it looks and may even require from time to time a hint of taste.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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LETTER FROM TRIPOLI

MAY 1 (BY RADIO)

THE city of Tripoli, now entering upon what British authorities call the second phase of occupation, is like a show window without goods in or behind it. It is a town with three first-class hotels, a flamboyant governor's palace, and other public buildings appropriate to the capital of a fair-sized country, but it has never had a population of more than a hundred and twenty thousand, of which forty thousand were Europeans, and has neither industries nor a productive hinterland. Now that artificial stimulation of its development by Italy has ceased, it looks something like the site of a defunct World's Fair, with overpretentious structures that are already beginning to show signs of decay, and the number of pedestrians one sees in its streets seems absurdly small in this grandiose architectural setting. The impression is accentuated by traces of bomb damage, which is especially prevalent near the waterfront, and by the fact that a quarter of the normal Italian population has fled. Various British agencies are installed in some of the public buildings, including one which contains a violently tinted mural of Mussolini's triumphal entry into the city in 1937. The troops stationed here feel like people visiting a summer resort between seasons. The soldiers who have been on the desert a long time have accumulated considerable back pay, and they wander among shops whose typically boardwalk stocks are limited to postcards and cheap colored handkerchiefs marked "Ricordo di Tripoli" or "Gruss aus Libia," looking for presentable souvenirs to send home. They look mostly in vain, since even before the war the shops' stocks were scaled to the requirements of Fascist and Nazi tourists, who had almost nothing to spend.

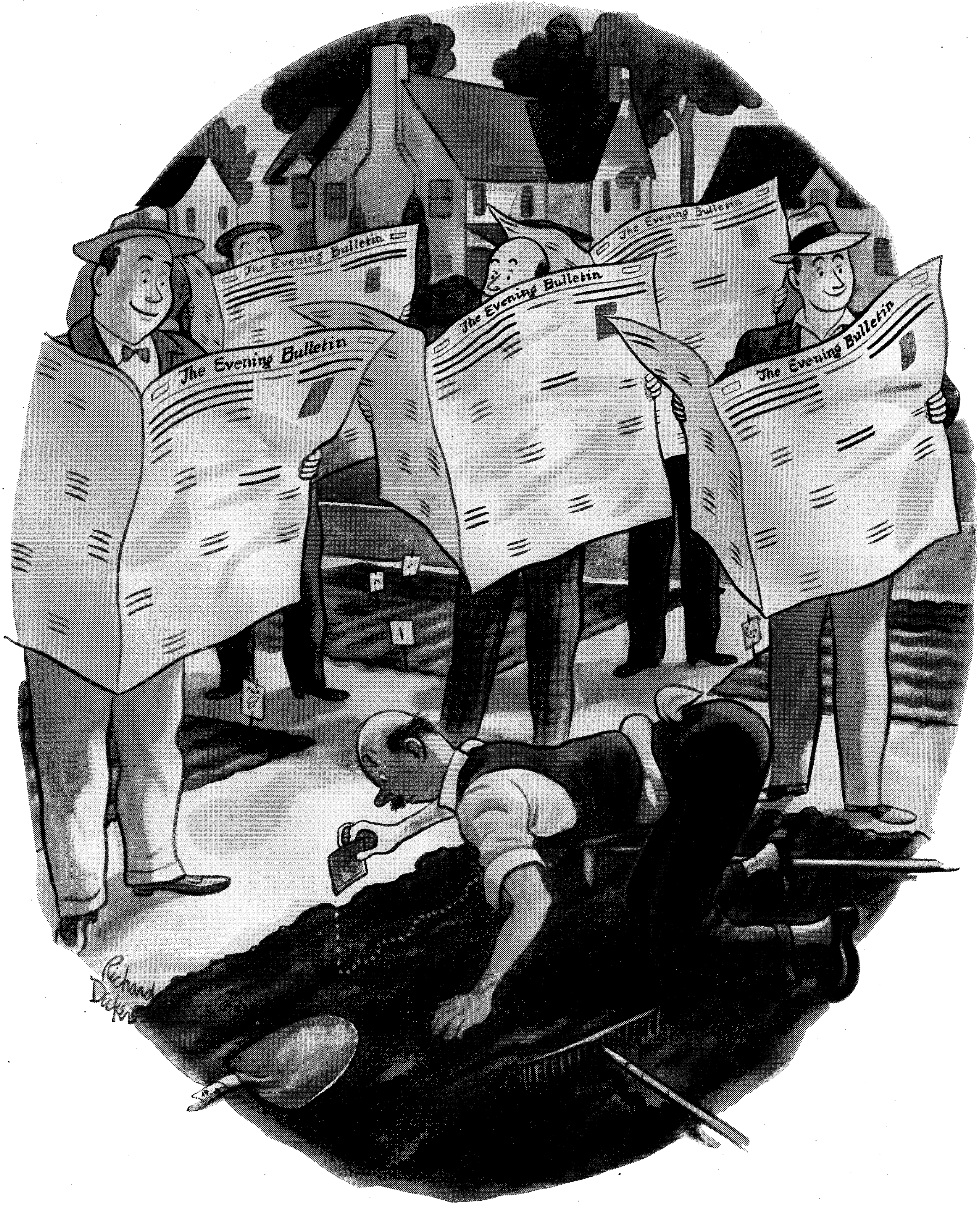
Tripoli presents a complicated job for the British Occupied Enemy Territories Administration, known familiarly as Oeta, which must recreate an approximation of peacetime life for the city as the battle front recedes. There is no evident intention of utilizing this captured show window of Fascism as a display advertisement for democracy; the brigadier general who is the cheerful, bouncing local chief of Oeta says frankly that the place is to remain merely on a "care-and-maintenance" basis until the peace conference. To advocates of dynamic forms of political warfare this may seem like knocking a man down and then merely holding his hat for him until he gets up, but the British are going about their task with an honesty and practical efficiency that constitute a quietly effective contrast to the regime of bribery that preceded them. At the beginning of the war the local Italian officials stopped all trading in merchandise under the pretext of military necessity and then issued permits to buy or sell only to businessmen who paid for them. Government by felony had become such an accepted practice here that when the British, on entering the city, set up a fire-fighting brigade of Italian prisoners, who were technically still soldiers in the Italian army, the Italian lieutenant placed in charge sold one of the fire engines under his command quite as a matter of course and appeared rather indignant when he was jailed for it. It was a spare engine, he said, and had been out of commission for some time. The firemen are not the only Italians who still hold government jobs; practically all civil servants and functionaries who stayed when the British came have been kept on, including Dante di Paragna, prefect of Tripolitania. The Governor General of Libya, the chief official in this region, got out with the Axis armies.

British officials, who of course have the actual power, supervise the Italian personnel of all agencies. In only one instance have they made a deliberate attempt to find and employ anti-Fascists in the government. This was when the Oeta officials, all of whom need confidential Italian secretaries, consulted the records of Pai, more formally the Polizia Africa Italiana, the Tripoli equivalent of the Gestapo, and employed only persons described as being highly suspect of having Allied sympathies. Almost all of them were Jews. The imitation Nuremberg racial laws, never enforced by the Italians, remain on the statute books as an equally dead letter under the British. Oeta's judicial authorities say that the Army has no right, by international law, to change the civil law of occupied enemy territory but can suspend enforcement of it. In this case enforcement never even began. Italo Balbo, as governor of Libya, always fought to protect the Jews, and they were not molested even after his death, in 1940, until January 1st of this year, when the government gazette announced that the racial laws would be put in effect. The Eighth Army, however, arrived before they were.

The Italian authorities who left before the British came removed all the foodstuffs they could carry and then opened the city's warehouses to the remaining populace, which looted them. There were consequently no stocks of food when the Eighth Army showed up, and little was brought in for the civilians because the Army's urgent need for war supplies meant that almost no space on its incoming vessels could be devoted to non-military needs. For a while the Italian bread ration of approximately six ounces a day was cut to two; it has since been increased to five. What the people get is a roll which costs two lire. The lira is now worth approximately one cent.

TRIPOLITANIA, which is the western part of the former Italian colony of Libya, has six hundred thousand Mohammedans living in it, as against the million and a half who were there when the Italians came in 1912. The difference represents the number of those killed off or driven into Egypt and the Sudan by Marshal Graziani in the twenties. It is a sharp contrast to the situation in Algeria, where the Moslem population has tripled under French rule. The Tripolitanian Arabs are so dispirited that they have no articulate aspirations or opinions. The British, made cautious by their experiences with other Arabs after the last war, are not trying to arouse any latent nationalist ambitions. Arab expressions of resentment against the Italians are, if anything, discouraged by the British, but by allowing publication of an Arabic newspaper, permitting large public meetings of Arabs, admitting them to cinemas, and giving them the same bread rations as the Italians, they are establishing among the Arabs a sentiment in complete contrast to what they felt for their erstwhile Italian masters. The Italians left in Tripolitania seem to have no more political consciousness than the Arabs.

Tripolitania never has had industrial workers or peasants with regional sentiment. Most of the Italian settlers came out from the home country as farmers under a subsidized colonization scheme known as Ente Coloniale. The Ente colonists moved onto land prepared for them (and owned) by the government; houses, livestock, and supplies of food were waiting for them. They were supposed to work for several years more or less as government hired men for about thirty dollars a month. After that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Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

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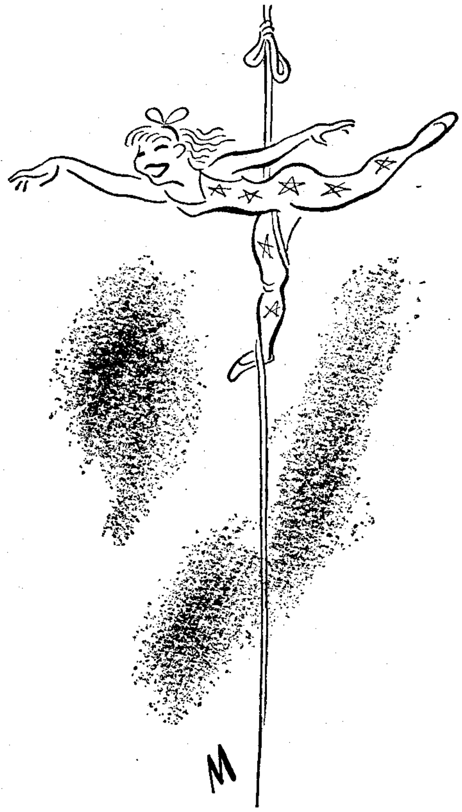
they were to go on a sharecropping basis, giving the Ente administration half of what their farms produced and keeping half for themselves, until they had paid off the government's lien on the property, at which point they would become the proprietors. As the scheme didn't really get under way until 1938, most of the colonists were still receiving wages when the British took over. Only a few were on half shares and none yet owned land, all of which technically remains the property of the Royal Italian Government. Oeta, following its care-and-maintenance policy, has assumed the Fascist government's rôle and is paying wages and subsidies against crops and taking first mortgages on the farms as security. By virtue of the record crops anticipated, the British may break even on the operation this year, which would be a stroke of luck the Italian administration never enjoyed. In any but an exceptional year, Tripolitanian farming is almost certainly a losing proposition, and Oeta has already introduced a group of South African agricultural experts who are trying to devise methods of cutting losses.

The Italian colonists remaining on the soil have been through hard times but are not consciously anti-Fascist. Until recently they believed that the Axis was certain to win the war and that protest against the regime was useless, and although they have begun to realize that the Fascist newspaper and radio station here deceived them, they are not at



all sure that the news they now get is not just a new species of lying. Having been selected for robustness, they are almost all in their twenties and thirties and have never conceived of a life under any but an authoritarian regime. Most of them, like the Jews and the Arabs, work as civilian laborers for the British military authorities when they are asked to, because this is almost the only way to get cash, and prices of even the most trifling articles are high. The Italians read the *Corriere di Tripoli,* which is the Italian-language side of a one-page, two-language newspaper printed here by the Ministry of Information (the English side is called the *Tripoli Times*), because they have no other news source, but they do not try to fraternize with the occupying forces, who find the place pretty but rather a bore.

Poor Tripolitanians, whether Italians, Jews, or Arabs, live largely on beans and other vegetables, which are fairly plentiful at the moment, but they will have a more solid diet after June 1st, when the mills will begin turning the anticipated record crop of grain into flour for home consumption. This crop will be one result of the phenomenal spring rains, for which the Arabs give the British full credit. "The English have the blessing of God," the Arabs say. "They are people with wet feet." The Oeta officer in charge of Arab affairs is doing nothing to disclaim credit for the rain-bringing.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

If, when he telephones at 6 o'clock that he can't get home, you answer amiably, "Well, have a good time. I'll save the liver and bacon for tomorrow, and the children and I will go over and have dinner with mother. It's a glorious night, and they love the hospital cafeteria. And Harry, don't miss that article about the Wilsons in the Times tonight. Don't be too late and get yourself all tired! Oh, and my dress came and it is a dream. They've begun the 'Sherlock Holmes' program again. Tom, say 'good night' to Daddy; Paula, tell Daddy about Puffy's kittens."

That's the sort of thing that is calculated to bring a man home again.—*Kathleen Norris's column in the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ABBOTT'S NO GOOD WITHOUT COSTELLO

Youthbuilders, Inc., is an obnoxiously named club which has chapters in a hundred and two New York public schools. Each chapter, which may have anywhere from twenty to thirty members, meets informally once a week to discuss such topics of interest to amiable and draft-exempt twelve-year-olds as "Should We Hate Our Enemies?" and "Is the Army Justified in Drafting Eighteen-Year-Olds?" The club is the creation of Mrs. Sabra Holbrook, a young woman who is able to regard her work with even-tempered and articulate detachment. Mrs. Holbrook is aware, for example, that to many adults the name of her organization has a hollow, synthetic ring, but since it has been approved by the children themselves she is willing to defend it. "Youthbuilders," Mrs. Holbrook says, "is a club designed for kids, developed by kids, and run for the benefit of kids. I just act as a sort of stagehand. I try to talk the kids' language; I try to follow their advice. What the kids say goes."

Recently, meeting Mrs. Holbrook, I asked her how she had happened to hit on the idea of Youthbuilders, Inc. "I guess it was because I went to Vassar," she said, as if that were an explanation in itself. Then she added, "You see, I was interested in a settlement project in Poughkeepsie and when I was graduated I got a job doing case work with juvenile delinquents in Boston. I began to feel, though, that it was pretty hopeless to try to impose ideas of good citizenship, or any other such cold-blooded abstraction, from the top down. I began to see that it was up to the kids to teach themselves, to absorb ideas of good citizenship more or less by chance while doing something they enjoyed. When I got married and came to New York to live about five years ago, I looked around for some way of putting my ideas into action. Vassar girls are always fighting to get things done, you know. We're a persistent lot. Even having a couple of children of my own didn't make me lose sight of what I meant to do.

"Well, along about that time Mrs. Lindlof of the Board of Education was trying to introduce into the curriculum some courses in what she called Democracy and Tolerance. That was just my dish of tea. I sold the Board on letting me start a club in one of the schools as part of the project. I ran the club myself for two years, until the formation of new chapters, or units, began to take more and more of my time. We picked up a good many ideas as we went along, the kids and I. For example, we found that it was important to keep Youthbuilders outside the regular school curriculum. There's nothing at all compulsory about belonging to it. Also, the meetings continue for as long as the kids like but not a moment longer, and if the kids get sick of a given topic they're free to switch to another. And we try frankly to give the club glamour. We bait the kids with promises to let them appear on radio forums, or talk to experts in various fields, or go to free movies. Probably this sounds cheap or frivolous, but it doesn't work out that way. If such bait is important to adults, it's important to kids. It makes the club something bigger than their schools, something outside their ordinary neighborhood lives, something with scope and excitement, and the kids need and deserve that kind of stimulus, especially if they live in the poorer sections of the city.

"We hold each unit down to thirty members or less, so that everyone will get a chance to talk as much as he wants to. Furthermore, the units aren't made up only of brighties. We want normal kids with a normal number of fresh ideas and old misinformation, and we've been able to accomplish a good deal with children whose I.Q.'s are as low as seventy-five. The meetings are supervised by teachers from the various schools, but the teachers are trained by me not to act like teachers. They never correct the kids' choice of words, or even their manners, short of preventing actual assault. They never prepare elaborate outlines of the subject under discussion. And if a kid trots out some wild and presumably un-American idea, the teacher, instead of expressing shock or dismay, lets the other kids try to demolish it." Mrs. Holbrook smiled. "But the best way to find out how the club works and what it comes to stand for

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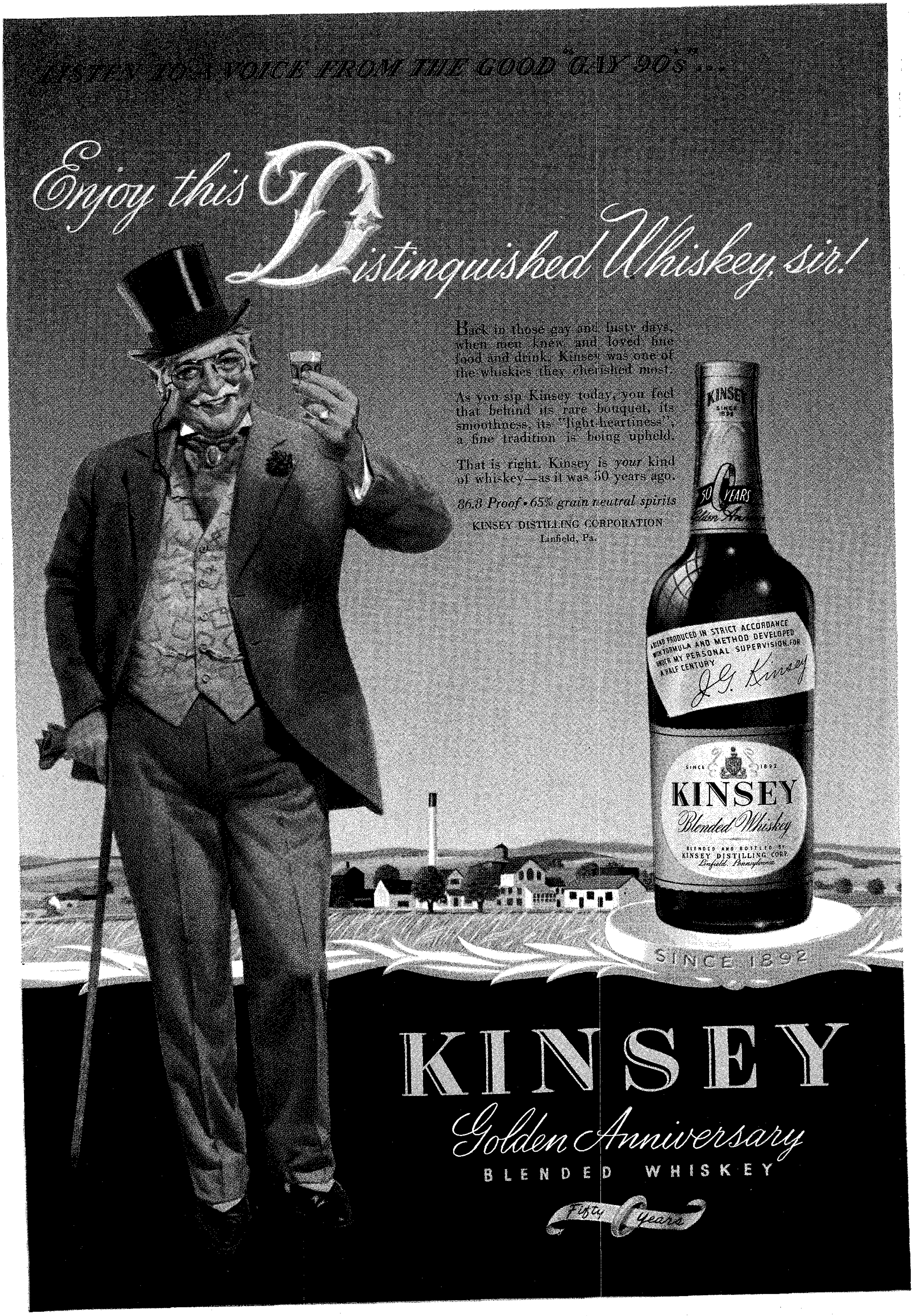

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is to watch one of our units at work. Would you like to attend a Youthbuilders' meeting?"

CONSULTING the Youthbuilders' book of schedules, Mrs. Holbrook found that a meeting was to be held that afternoon in Room 8a of the Joan of Arc Junior High School building at Edgecomb Avenue and 164th Street. There, at the appointed hour, I was met by Mrs. Betty Colwin, Mrs. Holbrook's assistant. Like Mrs. Holbrook, Mrs. Colwin works without pay, and she seems to have no less enthusiasm for her job. While we waited in the school corridor for the last afternoon classes to be dismissed, Mrs. Colwin explained that though all the other units are supervised by teachers, Mrs. Holbrook and she still look after a unit apiece in order to keep in contact with the children. "If we got so we didn't know the latest slang and didn't use it," Mrs. Colwin said, "we'd have to give up. They wouldn't believe in us any more. We'd be off the beam."

Mrs. Colwin led the way to Room 8a, which smelled exactly the same as the classrooms I remember sitting in twenty years ago. The smell, I decided, was made up in large part of chalk dust, varnish, and human sweat. On the blackboards was a series of figures demonstrating what I took to be either the binomial theorem or how to determine the lowest common denominator. To make myself as inconspicuous as possible, I squeezed behind a wooden desk at the back of the room. In my day, a visitor in the classroom created a sensation, but this group of children, most of whom had already taken seats in the front rows, paid little or no attention to me. When Mrs. Colwin told them that I was a reporter, one of them, a tall, red-headed boy with glasses, turned and said, "Yeah? Well, some of this may have to be off the record, see?" "O.K.," I said respectfully.

The children appeared to be between ten and thirteen years old. Nearly half of them were Negroes, and the rest, to judge by their names, were a mixture of Irish, Jews, and Poles. They were comfortably dressed and looked well fed, and when they spoke it was without embarrassment, standing up at their desks and glancing easily around the room. They seemed to me to be years older than I had been at the same age, teetering before the assembled seventh grade with clenched fists and tightly shut eyes and reciting, in a tearful sing-song, "Old Ironsides." Mrs. Colwin opened the meeting by saying, "All right now, let's hear a few words about your visit last week with Wendell Willkie. Will you start us off on that subject, Paul?"

Paul, a short, bright-looking Negro, stood up promptly and said, with great deliberation, "Why, sure. We went down to see Mr. Willikie to get some of his ideas about some of these matters like our, oh-uh, relations with other countries, and he was an awful nice guy, Mr. Willikie, and he shook hands with us and asked us to sit down, and we did." Paul stared at me across the room. "He asked us, 'You won't print nothin' about this in your school paper?,' and we told him, 'No.' But he guessed it would be all right to quote him as sayin' that we would have to, oh-uh, undivide our own house before we went around undividin' other people's houses. Maybe those aren't his exact words, but that's what he meant."

The tall, red-headed boy stood up and said, "He was talking about the Negroes. He meant about like down South, where they got these Jim Crow laws. Then Mr. Willkie, he went on to talk about India, and it seems to me he has just about the same ideas about India as Norman Thomas had when we saw him a couple of weeks ago. About how India would have to get her independence if the war was going to amount to anything."

"The subject we've chosen to discuss today is 'Should There Be Free Speech in Wartime?'" Mrs. Colwin interrupted gently. "Now, we don't want to spend too much time, do we, in going over our previous visits with Norman Thomas and others?"

A plump, dark-haired boy stood up and said, "I don't think we ought to avoid talking about the British Empire, Mrs. Colwin." Because of the contempt with which he spoke the word "Empire," I later asked Mrs. Colwin if she happened to know why he had developed such strong anti-imperialist feelings. She told me that his older brother, to whom he was devoted, was anti-British, and that the rest of the club spent a good deal of time in arguing the fat boy out of an assortment of hand-me-down beliefs. "I want to say that I think Australia is going to break away from the Empire anyway," the fat boy said. "Furthermore, nothing holds Canada to England but sentimental ties. After the war the whole British Empire is going to crumble away to nothing, and I'll be very happy."

A girl raised her hand and Mrs. Colwin said, "Yes?" The girl turned to the fat boy. "If Canada didn't have

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England, where would she send her wheat?"

The fat boy hesitated. "To us," he said.

Three or four voices joined in shouting, "But we got wheat, we got wheat! We don't want any more wheat!"

THE fat boy seemed unable to think of any convincing answer, so in a moment Mrs. Colwin said, "All right, now. Let's see if we can work around to today's subject. Does anyone here feel that we have any reason to fear free speech in wartime?"

A thin, good-looking girl of eleven or twelve stood up and answered, "Well, as far as newspapers are concerned, I think we ought to have some kind of censorship to keep newspapers, or at least a certain newspaper right around here, from attacking public figures, or at least a certain public figure down in Washington."

The boy sitting next to her said knowingly, "She means the President. Yeah, and I guess she means the *Daily News*."

"You mean you'd like to have censorship even along Fascist lines?" a scholarly-looking boy asked.

"Yes, sure. At least until we win the war," the girl replied, and her pigtails bobbed on her shoulders. "After we win the war we can go back to being free again."

"Only maybe we wouldn't care about going back by then. Did you ever think of that?" the scholarly-looking boy said. "Maybe we'd be too lazy to go back, or maybe we'd be too tied up to go back. Maybe we wouldn't have no choice by then."

"Well, in England the newspapers are censored," the girl said.

The tall boy with red hair said, "All the news is censored, maybe, but not the editorials. The editors can still write what they think. But England has been bombed and has more confidence in her leaders than we have. Maybe she doesn't have to worry so much about attacks on her public figures, because her public figures are better public figures than our—well, our public figures."

A girl who had kept silent until then stood up and said, "We have censorship in our papers, too, but we have two kinds of parties, Democrats and Republicans, and in England they don't have Democrats and Republicans, and that makes everything a lot easier."

Some of the children laughed briefly, in disgust. "Why, they got the Labour and Conservative Parties, haven't they, and they're farther apart than the Democrats and Republicans," the red-headed boy said. "But right now they've called a truce. There haven't been any elections since the war started. But we can't call a truce. We got to have elections according to schedule."

"Besides," someone else pointed out, "in this country the Democrats and the Republicans both have rich men and poor men inside the party, but in England the Conservatives are the rich men and the Labourites are the poor men."

The second girl was now plainly as confused by the turn of the discussion as I was. She said, "I didn't say that. I said just the opposite," and the red-headed boy turned to Mrs. Colwin, his face twisted in mock pain, and said loudly, "Oh, Mrs. Colwin!"

The fat boy took this opportunity to say, "All the British people who are over here are over here to do something, to make us believe in something, to convince us. That guy we were talking to a few weeks ago, the guy who works for the B.B.C., he knew all the questions we were going to ask, and he had all his answers ready."

Paul, the Negro who had opened the discussion and whom nothing seemed to disturb, said, "But he told us that the Cripps Plan was still open. He told us that India could accept it if she wanted to."

The fat boy said sententiously, "The story of the British Empire is one long story of rottenness and corruption, that's all."

The girl who disliked the *Daily News* returned to the appointed subject. "The question is, can we afford to take a chance on free speech? I think it ought to be limited, because it's liable to hurt people who are working to win the war. Besides, free speech causes rumors, and sometimes listening to rumors is as bad as losing battles."

Mrs. Colwin nodded and said, "I think we can all agree that rumors should be kept out of newspapers and conversation. But we are talking more about opinions, aren't we, about whether or not a man ought to say what he thinks?"

Mrs. Colwin was caught in a cross-fire of replies:

"Yes, but there are two sides to that story."

"There are two sides to every story."

"That's just why we ought to have free speech."

"But the trouble is, people go around talking about things they don't know anything about." The boy who said this reached into his pocket and pulled out a

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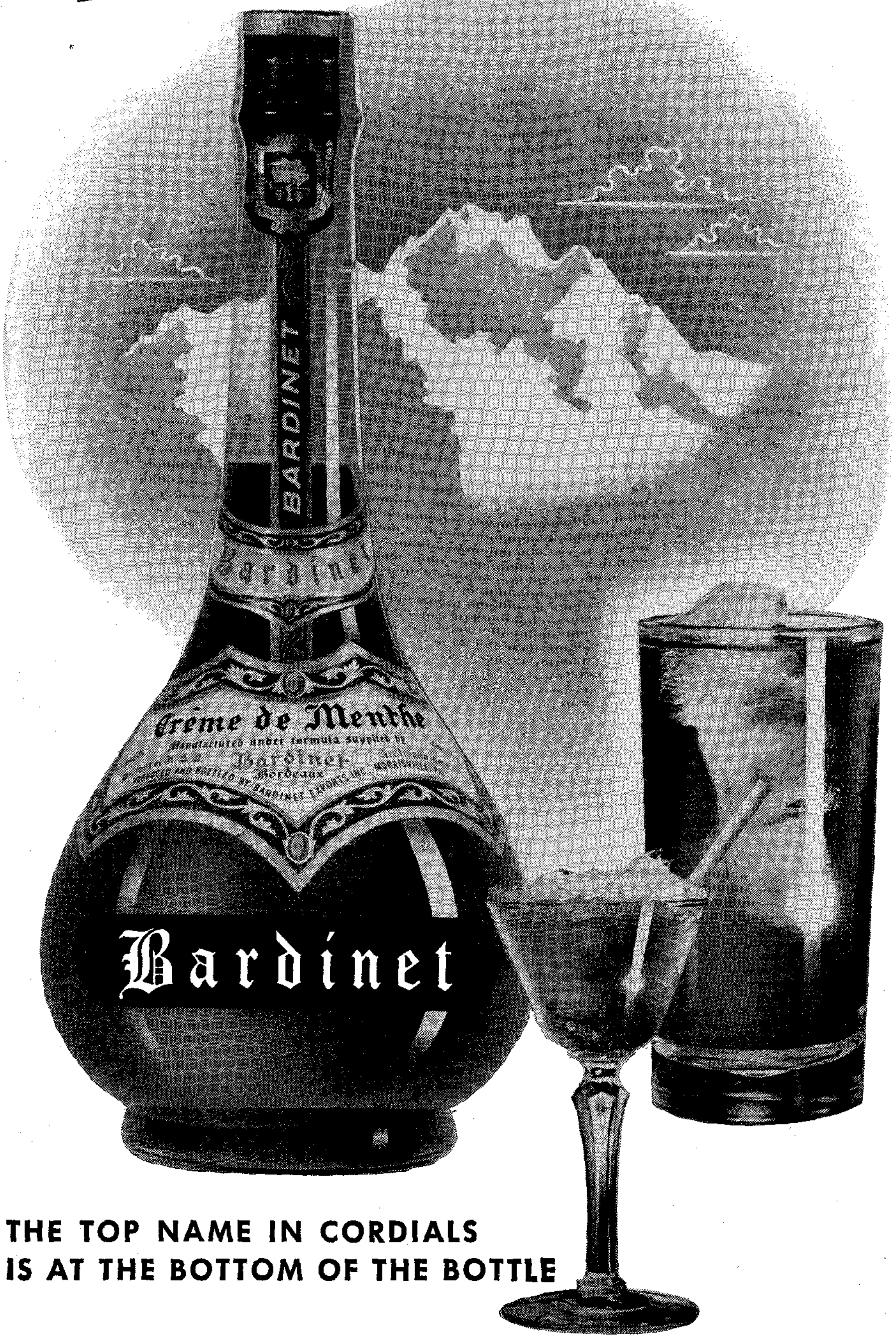
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newspaper clipping. "Here's an article about Rickenbacker," he said.

"Where's it from?" a girl asked.

"The *News,*" the boy with the clipping said.

"Oh, the *News!*" There was a universal groan from the group.

"Sure," the boy went on. "That's just the trouble. And Eddie Rickenbacker's a big figure, sure. But what does Rickenbacker know about labor? If he tells some guy in a factory not to do something, probably the guy isn't going to do it, but he doesn't know why, does he? He just knows that Rickenbacker says so, and Rickenbacker is somebody who shot down a lot of Germans and got lost on a raft, and that's all anybody knows about him. It don't make sense." The boy appeared to be about ten years old. He was rather small and had large brown eyes and unusually delicate features. His voice shook with feeling. He said slowly, "I think a celebrity ought to learn to keep his mouth shut."

One of the girls said, "Yes, but that's depriving a man of free speech. That's as bad as what the Fascists do."

"Well, if people don't know enough to keep their mouths shut by themselves, it's liable to make trouble. We got to show them how to behave," the boy said.

With his usual deliberation, Paul said, "Listen, it's like Abbott and Costello. Abbott's no good without Costello. You take away free speech from this country, it's like you got Abbott without Costello. That's just what Hitler wants us to do."

APPARENTLY sensing that the discussion would continue without her for a few minutes, Mrs. Colwin joined me at the back of the room. "If this sounds like pure bedlam to you," she said, "remember that it's a new subject and we're still feeling our way."

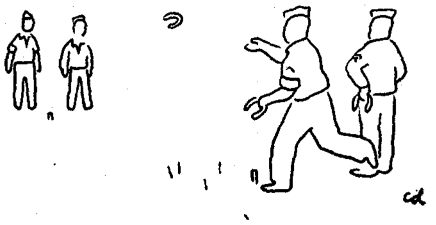
"What surprises me," I said, "is that these children are all such ardent liberals. In my day, as I remember it, we were pretty busy reading 'Treasure Island,' but if we had any political convictions at all they were automatically those of our fathers and mothers. We inherited a resentment toward change which took years to wear off."

Mrs. Colwin nodded. "That's the way I was brought up, too," she said. "That's probably why we were all such wild-eyed revolutionaries when we got to be eighteen or twenty. But times have changed. Nazis, Communists, New Dealers, economic royalists—all those names are real to these kids, even to the youngest of them. Right now you might think that all they do is talk, and that their talk goes around and around and fails to accomplish anything, but that isn't the way it works out. Our Youthbuilders activities break down into three categories. First we have free discussion, such as what's going on at the moment. Then we have a period of investigation, which means reading certain magazines and books, attending certain movies, and interviewing men like Wendell Willkie, Norman Thomas, William L. Shirer, Dr. Lin Yutang, or Alexander de Seversky. And finally we have what we call concerted action, which means doing something about what we've learned." She paused. "Perhaps Mrs. Holbrook told you of her experience with the Nazis a year or so ago?" she said.

I shook my head.

"Well, one of the first clubs she organized was up in Yorkville, where a German group of kids called the *Gleichschaltung* had already been formed by some Bund members. An early Youthbuilders topic of discussion was 'How Can We Improve Our Schools?' One of the ideas which turned up in that club of Mrs. Holbrook's was that all Jewish children should be forced to attend separate schools. The discussion got pretty blunt, and finally four Jewish children walked out of the classroom. The other children were surprised; they hadn't realized that those four boys and girls were Jews. They decided that maybe something was wrong with their ideas about segregation. Then another Nazi idea turned up. In Germany, the kids told Mrs. Holbrook, kids were important; the state took notice of them. Those kids wanted acknowledgement, too; they wanted to do something to help the country.

"Mrs. Holbrook had them invited to a dinner at which Mrs. Roosevelt spoke. Mrs. Roosevelt explained to them that it was their duty to help improve school conditions everywhere but that it might be best to start with their own school. After her speech, she shook hands with all of them and talked informally with them. They went back to their school and drew up a program. Some of its provisos may sound awfully petty, but at least the children understood that they themselves mattered and that what they did mattered. One of the provisos, I remember, was 'Respect the right of every student to his own religion. If you don't make fun of another person's religion, he won't make fun of yours. It's the same God, anyhow.' And another one was 'Take good care of your schoolbooks, desk, and all school property. Don't throw paper on the floor. Keep the washrooms clean. Don't take the doorknobs home.' Perhaps you can guess from that what conditions must have been like before. The conclusions the kids had reached weren't world-rocking, but they were a start. Pretty soon the *Gleichschaltung* disbanded.



"Another change since our day in school is that most of these children have been brought up with the idea that the government does everything for them. They see posters in the schools telling about the NYA and other federal agencies, and even the school corridors are hung with WPA paintings. To counteract this one-sided point of view, we send the children around to their neighborhood grocers and druggists and pop-stand operators to ask a couple of questions, such as 'How do you get enough money to pay the people who work for you?' and 'How do you have any money left over?' The answers give the kids some idea of what private enterprise means. Then the question comes up, 'Well, if everybody says it takes a lot of dough to keep a business going, and if the government has the most dough, why doesn't the government run everything?' When we reach that point, we send the children down to interview some of the executives at General Electric, or General Motors, or American Airlines. The kids find out, frequently for the first time, that private ownership is often likely to make faster progress than government ownership, that private ownership can risk capital where the government has no right to risk it, and so on. By the time the kids are through, they have a fairly well-rounded picture of what the government can do and what private enterprise can do. They don't automatically dismiss capitalism any more than they automatically dismiss socialism; they battle about both of them.

"And they go on from there to accomplish a good many material benefits. The various Youthbuilders units have collected hundreds of tons of scrap, have sold tens of thousands of dollars' worth of War Bonds, and have even produced a two-reel movie demonstrating that neighborhood gossip can be as dangerous as sabotage. They do this kind of work not because they're asked to but because they want to, because they've worked out certain convictions beforehand." Mrs. Colwin nodded toward the group of children in front of us. "There's no telling what may come of this discussion by the end of another two or three weeks. But by then they will have cleared the air and they'll be ready for action of some kind, I can promise you that."

SEEING that three or four children were putting on their coats, Mrs. Colwin got up and walked to the front of the room. She tapped on the blackboard with a piece of chalk and said, "Well, what conclusions have you reached so far?"

The fat boy said, "I guess we've decided that even a stinker ought to be able to say what he likes. But the British Empire—"

The ten-year-old boy with the delicate features interrupted. "We're willing to have free speech for stinkers," he said, "but we think special efforts ought to be made to educate them. Then we wouldn't have so many stinkers. Then even our celebrities would have some sense."

Little Paul, as sober as ever, had the last word. In his firm voice he said, "We think it might be a good idea to have a talk with Elmer Davis. We figure he's bothered with the same problem. Maybe we could help each other out. Maybe we could help to show these stinkers what this war is all about."

—Brendan Gill

•

Asked if she considered herself as intelligent as she is beautiful, she nodded. "More," she said, "I am very well read. I have just finished reading a book by Lloyd C. Douglas."—*Maria Montez interviewed in PM.*

Do any skipping?

•

If you want to give your bedroom a lift, take any straight chair and glamorize it with a crisp new cover. Pad the seat with cotton or an old cushion and fit the slip cover by pinning it on first. Having no arms makes it easy.—*From an article in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

It wouldn't for us.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Statement to the press by Detective Edward A. Leadem on entering the campaign for City Commissioner in Trenton, N.J.*]

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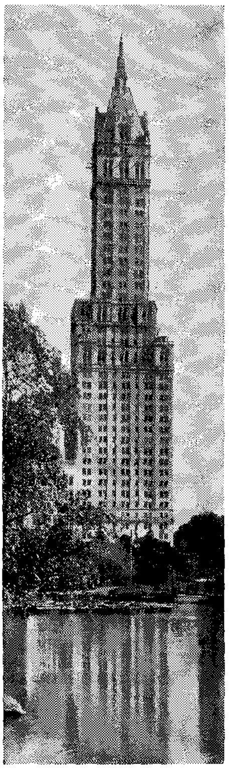

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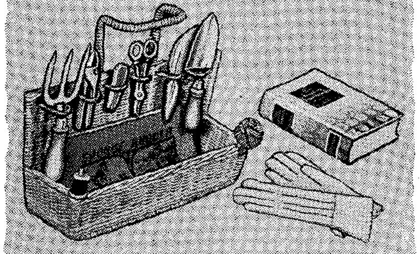

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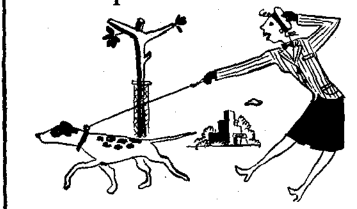

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President says that the country as a whole is more intelligent about the war than a good many people in Washington. Anybody with a suspicious nature might think he was referring to congressmen.

•

The War Bond drive has already brought in at least seventeen billion dollars. When the war is over, we are going to owe ourselves a terrific amount of money.

•

Hitler hears bad news these days from the Caucasus as well as from Tunisia. If defeat is not staring him in the face, it is certainly glancing in his direction.

•

Admiral Georges Robert, the Vichy-minded High Commissioner of Martinique, has been bluntly disrecognized by Secretary Hull. Georges could now move out of the Good Neighborhood without causing very much pain.

•

The rupture between the governments of Russia and Poland proves the value of perseverance. Dr. Goebbels has finally succeeded in getting somebody to believe a word he says.

•

The Nazis at this writing are denying the report that Rommel has left Africa. The only thing we can be sure of is that he has not gone to Alexandria.

•

The anti-inflation line is holding, though bending dangerously at some points. In the unhappy state of New Jersey, the dollar haircut has raised its ugly head.

•

During the depression decade the government paid out twenty-five billion dollars for relief. That was considered real money at the time, but now it sounds like hay.

•

Meat and poultry are again scarce in the New York area. Some of our citizens have practically nothing for dinner now but interesting conversation.

•

Despite the war and the weather, the May Queen season opened on time. Everything points to a bumper crop.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE ART GALLERIES

The Artist and the War

FOR some time now, off and on, I've been nibbling at the subject of what the artist can do about the war. The thing seemed to boil down to three possibilities. He could do straight propaganda, as Thomas Benton did in his show of about a year ago; in this case, and in most others like it that I've seen, the results were frankly disastrous. He could do morale-building work, such as poster designs, but though this field offers great opportunities, the "art" artist, when he enters it, faces several handicaps, the first being the often overlooked one that to do good poster designs a man must have some knowledge of modern poster techniques to begin with. Third, he could engage in the kind of art reporting the British have been doing, going out with the troops, the fliers, and the naval forces, and sketching or painting what they see. This is something we in this country are only just beginning to do, and the results are not in yet. If the artists are selected with any intelligence, however, the works they bring back should provide a new and very effective documentation on the conduct of war.

Now a fourth possibility appears, in the paintings of Julio de Diego, at the Nierendorf Gallery. Mr. de Diego has no first-hand knowledge, I gather, of what fighting in the second World War looks like. (He was in the campaign in the Riff, against Abd-el-Krim, in the early nineteen-twenties, but that was child's play compared with battle in the modern manner.) He has no discernible moralistic purpose. He tries neither to show war's frightfulness, as did Otto Dix, nor to glorify it, as did, say, Meissonier. What he has done, apparently, is simply to sit down in his studio and try to paint the war as he imagines it, and he has done this with so much imagination, with so appealing a combination of naïveté and sophistication, and with such direct vision that his paintings are almost unique in our time.

There are twenty-nine in the exhibit, each taking as its subject a phrase in some communiqué the artist found revealing. They are difficult to describe. There is fantasy in them, and a free use of symbols. (In one, called "The bullets were coming kind of close . . . ," soldiery in the jungle is represented by a series of white, ghostly outlines, each delineating a newt-like head, a helmet, and a section of shoulder.) In spite of all this, there is no trace of surrealism in the work. Instead, there is a persistent strain of naïveté, not so much in the style, which is expert, as in the concept. De Diego uses none of the usual short cuts employed by painters in laying out their subjects. Like the naïve artists, he is ready to tackle anything, from the siege of a city to a massed air attack on a convoy, and he does it with much the same artless directness the Primitives display.

All this, though, is analysis after the fact, and the fact is that the immediate impact of the paintings is terrific. They're dream pictures; perhaps that is the best way to describe them, for the images used in them have the swift intensity of the objects we see in dreams. Look, for instance, at the dive-bombers in his "Delaying stand below the mountains . . ." There is no realism about them, and no attention to details; they are simply slim, dun-colored shapes hurtling down through the air. But somehow all their essentials have been presented, and their emotional impact as well. They are nightmare dive-bombers, as you and I have dreamed them, and, quite possibly, dive-bombers as they look to the troops beneath them at the instant of the attack.

I have no idea what capabilities de Diego may have in other directions as an artist. This is his first one-man show, I believe, and I'm told that he produced these paintings, all twenty-nine of them, in a bare two months, which puts them almost in the category of automatic writing. Certainly, I am not going to urge all other artists to abandon documentation and paint the war purely from imagination. For one thing, you have to have the imagination, and it has to be focussed compellingly on war. The fact that de Diego produced these works in so short a time argues an almost unbearable pressure in his mind which forced him to get them out. Moreover, the facts that he did see action in the Riff campaign and that he did this twenty years ago have their importance, for the interval clearly gave time for his recollections to become essentialized and undoubtedly contributed greatly to the simplifications he now employs. What I do say, and I'd like to say it loudly, is that these paintings are by far the closest approach to truly great artistic interpretation this war has so far produced.

THE Modern Museum's new show is a collection of religious folk art of the Southwest—paintings, painted carvings, and so on—mainly lent by the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. Mostly Spanish in influence, or Spanish as it filtered through the minds of the Mexican and New Mexican natives, the work has about the same harsh intensity as the work in the folk-art section of the Modern Museum's big Mexican exhibition of a couple of years ago; like it, the work runs largely to bright color, attenuated forms, and a groaning angularity. Some of it is quite beautiful, too, notably the small figure of the Santa Niña standing under her arch of cherubs, the small, bright-red group of the Holy Family, and the really magnificently conceived figure of the Spirit of Death called "Carreta de la Muerte." . . . I got a publicity announcement saying that the Wildenstein Galleries were showing, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, a collection of European and American paintings, together with some ladies' hats, each done by some prominent hat designer and inspired by one or another of the pictures, and a number of sample hair-dos, inspired by the hats and the pictures. I went up there, and there they were, as announced—the paintings, the hats, and the hair-dos. It was something to see. —ROBERT M. COATES

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

CINCINNATI, OHIO,
APRIL 26, 1943.

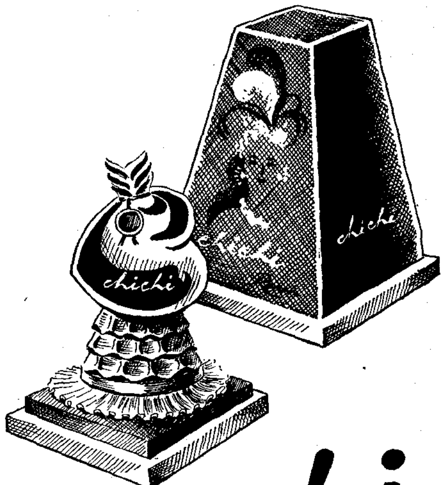
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MR. THURBER'S piece, "1776—And All That," in your issue of the twenty-fourth, was tops, but the author slipped on this one:

> The difficulty of correlating, much less intertwining . . . William Howard Taft with dancing . . . was, on the face of it, overwhelming.

Mr. Taft, in pre-Spanish-American-War days, was considered one of the finest dancers in Cincinnati. My then girl friend (later my wife) danced with him, and has often told me that "dancing with Mr. Taft was like being wafted through the air with Ariel." If Mr. Taft, despite his two hundred and sixty pounds, could create that illusion, I think you must acknowledge that he must have been a direct descendant of Terpsichore her very self.

Yours, etc.,
ALFRED HOLMAN



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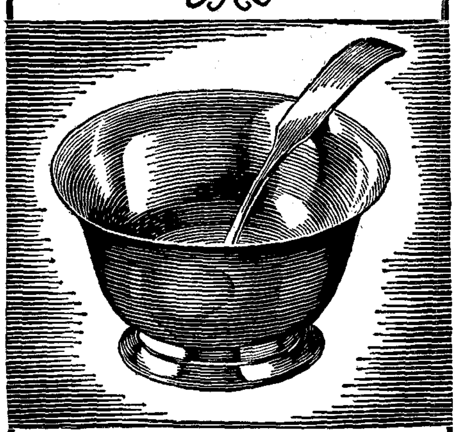

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Repercussions Would Help

AT week's end, to borrow an ellipsis, it looked as though a controversy was brewing over "Mission to Moscow," the film version of the book by former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies. A sort of junior controversy was already on the fire when the picture opened. It had been whipped up by the *New Leader*, a publication that was afraid that Hollywood would ignore the findings of the John Dewey Commission on the validity of the Moscow trials. The *New Leader* feared, and rightly, as it turned out, that Trotsky would be found just as guilty of conspiracy in the movies as he was in the Soviet court. Once the picture had been shown, this minority worry was lost, probably with justice, in the scuffle. The main issue became the soundness of the production as a whole.

Some reviewers were of the opinion that "Mission to Moscow" was one of the greatest pictures of recent years, while others were inclined to spit at it. To be sure, opinion concerning a given picture has been divided in the past, but since this one, owing to its cast, background, and promotion, is recognized as big-league stuff, whether good or bad, and since it goes in heavily for international affairs, any widespread disagreement about it is worth attention. At an exclusive press preview given last week for four or five thousand people, I first realized what kind of fuss the film might create when two men sitting next to me, after saying "Propaganda" very audibly to each other several times, finally walked out on it.

To the degree that "Mission to Moscow" causes a stir, it is a good picture. If the greater part of its public is startled by the information it offers and is sympathetic to its message, it is a good picture. If it attracts the notice of high official circles and in some way allays congressional anxieties about Russia as an ally, it is a good picture, not only because it would be the first one to play any kind of significant rôle in current events but because those congressional anxieties need allaying, and quick. There is a perilous likelihood, however, that because it is a very top-heavy, clumsy affair, the film will fail to achieve

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the important ends it should. Mr. Davies' book is essentially plotless and of interest purely for its news content. To make a movie of it is, at best, to put a lot of characters in a lot of rooms and have them converse on vital matters. These characters being all public figures and not under contract to Warner Brothers, they must be represented by actors, and then the whole business takes on the aspect of a school pageant. This parallel is emphasized by such goings-on as when the Ambassador's daughter asks a Russian friend at a party who a nearby man in uniform is and is told, "Oh, that's a general by the name of Timoshenko."

The actor who comes out best in portraying a gentleman of lofty stature is Oscar Homolka as Litvinoff, and perhaps second to him is Konstantin Shayne as Bukharin or Vladimir Sokoloff as Kalinin. Manart Kippen, who plays Stalin, has some sound lines to say but is handicapped by a sorry lack of physical resemblance. Walter Huston does all right as Mr. Davies, although he demonstrates a somewhat more hair-trigger grasp of internal Russian complications than the Ambassador seems or could be expected to have had. Ann Harding and Eleanor Parker as Mrs. and Miss Davies can best be judged by friends of the family.

The solidest parts of the picture are the trial episode, in which the finger is eloquently put on Japan and Germany as the common enemies of Russia and the democracies, and the end, in which Mr. Davies comes home to deliver Stalin's and Litvinoff's plea for collective security. It is on these parts that the ultimate value of "Mission" depends. If they succeed in raising a good, clean hullabaloo, the film, for all its monstrous ineptitude, will deserve a bouquet.

AS a kind of compote on this week's Russian menu, there's "Russians at War," which is a slight, anecdotal importation, dramatizing the present-day lives of Red soldiers and citizens. It is not filled with heady significance but may appeal to you if you're still hungry.

—David Lardner

•

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Quentin G. Browne of Springdale announce the birth of a son at Fayetteville City hospital this morning.

It would be tragic if people had to wait as long for the doc to come as he waits for his money.—*Northwest Arkansas Times, Fayetteville.*

Are you listening, Browne?

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THE ARMY LIFE

XXX—PURPLE HEART

WHEN your best friend is wounded in action, you are supposed, according to all the scripts, to be right there and to take immediate avenging steps. When my best friend in the Army—a soldier named Dan Herr, who is very small and looks as if he would fall apart if you waved a rifle at him—was hit, I was ten miles away. I didn't even hear about it until a few hours afterward, and then only through a garbled field-radio message. A soldier in a combat zone cannot, of course, afford to become too excited about someone's having been killed or wounded. My buddies and I were reconciled, when we got to New Guinea, to the probability that some of us would never leave the place. My particular company was fairly lucky, as a matter of fact. Our combat duties did not require us to take an active part in the front-line fighting, and as a result most of us got by with skins unmarred by anything more deadly than a mosquito. There were exceptions. One of my friends looks all right now, but he has a little scar on his shoulder where there used to be a hole and a tiny piece of steel in the middle of what used to be a good lung. Another has been lying on his back on a hospital bed for so long that lately the blisters on his shoulders have been bothering him almost as much as his chest, down the length of which a machine-gun bullet made a rather thorough tour. One man in my company had the misfortune to catch malaria just before the Japanese decided to bomb a hospital he was sent to, and the bombing was fatally accurate.

This story about Dan Herr has a happy ending, but if anybody had asked me to bet when I first saw him after he was shot that he'd be on his feet six weeks later—as he was—I wouldn't have put up a nickel plugged as many times as he was, which was five. We were both stationed at a native village along the north shore of the island, and early one afternoon he was picked to accompany some officers on a trip up the coast aboard one of four small luggers loaded with ammunition and other supplies. They pulled out around three o'clock and were supposed to reach their destination about four hours later. Just before dark that evening, back at our camp, we heard planes approaching from the east. We counted eighteen. Never having seen more than three or four Japanese planes in the sky at once up to that time, we assumed that these planes were ours, an opinion we hastily revised when they got nearer and we saw that they were Zeros. They didn't pay any attention to us. Maybe they didn't realize that the village below them had a lot of Americans hiding around and under it, or maybe, sensing bigger game ahead, they didn't care. At any rate, they flew straight on, and we felt a lot better. Then we remembered the four little boats, loaded with ammunition, out on the Pacific.

At that stage of the campaign the only means we had of communicating with our forward elements was by radio. Every message had to be coded, and it seemed a long time that afternoon before we got a message off, asking if everything was all right. We couldn't help suspecting that if the Japs had spotted the luggers before they unloaded, everything probably wasn't. A while later we got our answer: "All four ships burning. Several dead." From then on, throughout the night, we received a string of messages. Many of them were garbled, but we gathered that the Zeros had dived down and strafed the luggers with incendiary bullets. One of the few messages that made sense was a terse one: "Herr and some others wounded." It is probably only during a battle, when you expect the worst, that you can experience a great sense of relief at hearing that a friend of yours has been wounded.

We didn't find out that night exactly who had been killed, how many had been wounded, or how badly hurt those who had been were. We didn't sleep much; everybody sat around in the dark speculating and hoping that things weren't as bad as our imaginations pictured. The next day we got our first real information from an old Australian seaman who had been on one of the boats, had swum ashore, and had walked down the trail from the scene of the attack. In a way, he was maddening. He had been there, all right, and had seen everything that went on, but, never having been introduced to any of the American soldiers and having no idea what any of them were named, he couldn't tell us with assurance which of our men were alive and which were dead. I mentioned Herr to him, but the name meant nothing. When I described him as a small, skinny, blond-haired fellow, however, he remembered him well. "Ah yes," said the seaman, using the Australian equivalent of "*mais oui*," "he got hurt the worst. They machine-gunned him all over the place. I counted five bullet wounds."

It was inconceivable to those of us who had been left behind that anyone of Herr's slight build could be shot that often and survive, especially taking into consideration the probable shortage of medical facilities up where he was. We were sad and we were sore, because it seemed unfair of the Japs to single out as a target a man so patently unable to absorb that amount of punishment. We waited all day for more detailed radio bulletins to come in. We didn't get any—after all, there was a war on and the welfare of a few casualties had a low priority with our signal officers—but at least nobody reported that Herr was dead, and I was grateful for that.

THE next afternoon I was ordered to move up the coast myself, in a native canoe, to the village of Oro, on Oro Bay. Oro is just a small native village tucked under some coconut trees, indistinguishable from a dozen other native villages strung along that thinly populated coastline. I had no idea whether or not I would find Herr on my way up, but I knew that he must be somewhere around there. Before I left camp, I spent some time consulting the other soldiers in our company about what I should take along for him, in case I did run into him. We had most of his clothing and equipment, but we couldn't see much point in delivering any of that to a man who had been shot five times. Finally we decided that the most sensible thing would be a carton of his favorite brand of cigarettes. We didn't know whether or not he could smoke, but everybody agreed that I shouldn't go empty-handed. Even in the jungle, there are certain traditions about visiting patients in a hospital.

I reached Oro just before dark and wandered back off the beach toward some tents I could see at the edge of the jungle. There were only a few of them, scattered around haphazardly; they constituted, I soon discovered, a field hospital. There are various stages of hospitalization through which a soldier wounded in combat passes. When he is hit, if he can't give himself first aid, he gets it from a medical-aid man, who crawls out under the enemy's fire, bandages him as well as he can under the circumstances, and drags him back to an aid station. (Frequently medical-aid men get shot themselves.) After the casualty has been treated at an aid station, he is moved back to a portable hospital, where a doctor, who in better days would probably have fired a nurse for giving him a sterilized gown bearing traces of tattletale gray, performs delicate operations stripped to the waist, ankle-deep in mud, in the beam of a flashlight. Behind the portable hospitals are the field hospitals, behind them the station hospitals, and finally there are the general hospitals, which really look like hospitals. The establishment at Oro was a field hospital and wasn't very impressive. Herr was there, all right. I found him in a tiny, one-man tent, with screened flaps, marked "Surgery." I could see him through the flaps, but I didn't go in. He was lying on his back on a cot, covered up to the neck with a bedsheet, and he looked dead.

I stood outside the tent for a few minutes, holding the carton of cigarettes and trying to detect some movement within. There wasn't any, so I went off to look for an attendant. I found a medical orderly in the next tent, and when I told him I wanted to talk to Herr, he said my chances weren't too good. "We just gave him a shot of morphine," he said, "and he'll be out cold for hours. And we're evacuating him by boat three hours from now." I asked if there was any likelihood of his waking up. The orderly told me that if he did become conscious at all, it would be only because of the pain induced by his being moved. "He's pretty bad, you know," he said. "One bullet fractured his upper right arm, two of them got him in the left arm, and two more got him in each knee. We've got one of the bullets for him as a souvenir."

The medic told me I might as well go away and come back when they moved him. I hadn't eaten anything for some time, so I walked off to look for rations. I eventually found a soldier who had two cans of cold beans. He gave me one, which I ate. Then I went back to Surgery. It was getting dark, and I could barely make out Herr's head through the flaps, but I could see that he still wasn't stirring. The orderly came along and I asked him if Herr could smoke when he woke

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up. It seemed very important to me, for some reason or other, to get those cigarettes to him. The orderly said that Herr probably wouldn't feel up to smoking for a while but that he'd put the carton on the litter on which Herr was removed, so it would accompany him to the station hospital. "He was pretty lucky," the medic said. "He'll get a nice Purple Heart and a nice, long rest." I didn't feel especially envious.

A COUPLE of hours later four soldiers came up to the tent with a litter to carry Herr down to the beach and load him on a rowboat that would ferry him out to a lugger which served as a hospital ship. They asked me to help them transfer him from his cot to the litter. I slipped my arms gingerly under some of the bandages that enveloped his limbs and the five of us lifted him up slowly. Herr started to moan and moved his head. That was reassuring. It was the first sign of life I'd seen in him. He opened his eyes, and when he saw me he let out a yelp and began talking quickly in a semi-delirious vein. Like most men who are wounded and carried away from their outfits, he hadn't any idea he would run into someone he knew for weeks, and he was startled. I figured that he thought he might be dreaming.

It was about a quarter of a mile down to the loading point, and I went along. All the way he remained conscious, talking in a faint voice and asking me to bend over so that he could hear me. Walking along a New Guinea trail is sometimes difficult when you are alone. It is considerably more difficult for four men carrying a stretcher and a fifth walking beside it. There wasn't any room on the trail for me, so I hopped along through the vines and roots alongside it, trying to stay next to Herr and lean over to talk to him. I asked him how he was feeling, and he said fine, which was obviously a lie, and I told him all the boys were rooting for him and were proud of him, and he asked me how they were, and I said fine. Then I told him about the cigarettes, which the medic had placed behind his head, and he thanked me politely and said they were just what he wanted, but I am not sure he knew what I was talking about. A lot of what we said didn't make much sense, probably, since he was a bit incoherent because of the pain and the morphine and I was mainly trying to keep my balance, stay close to the litter, and promise him that I wasn't going away. He knew I was, though, when they carried him out into the water and rested his litter on the seats of the rowboat. He asked me to ride along, and I said that I couldn't but that I would see him again soon, although actually, since he was going back from the fighting zone and I was going forward, it seemed doubtful then that I would see him for some time to come, if ever. Herr is extremely religious and I am not, and perhaps that's the reason I remember the last words he said to me, as we parted for what turned out to be only a month, more clearly than anything else which happened that day. "I know you don't believe in it much," he said, "but please pray for me." I did.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

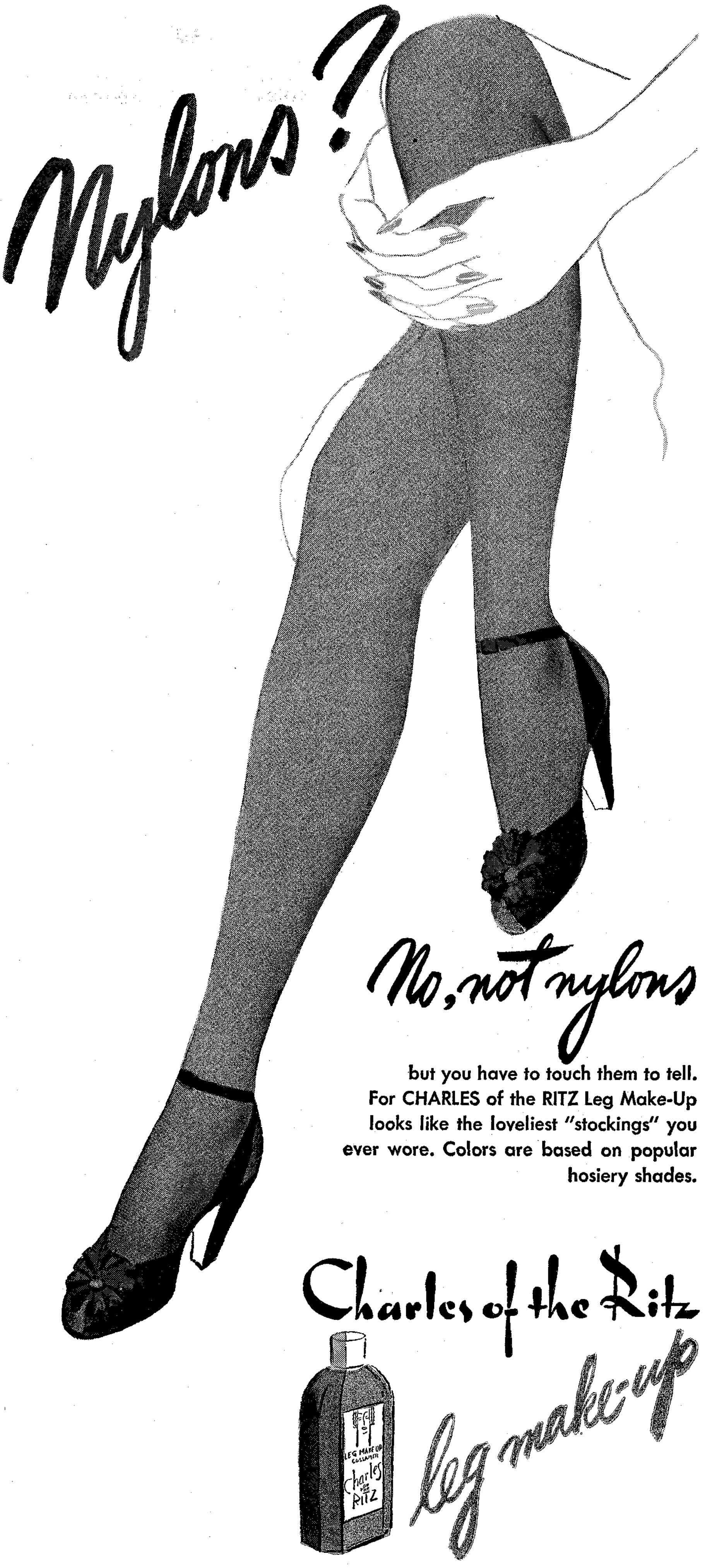
SUBURBAN SPRING

Now the delicious air
Persuades the lovely trees
To loose their golden hair
From old embroideries
And make an airy screen
Of gold that turns to green.

Delightful it is now
To see the crooked bough,
The crooked bough that dapples
The ground beneath the apples,
Look pink and fresh, as brave
As many a statelier stave
Or willow that by sleight
Makes drooping a delight.
Cherries in bloom spring up
As high as the housetop,
And all the air is filled
With sprays suddenly stilled;
The pear trees' waterfalls
Deluge the garden walls,
And soft, green, maple rains,
Paving the little lanes,
Silence the way until
You hear the little rill
That runs down to the mill;
Now every little gully
Gushes, replenished fully,
And in the fields beyond
The ducks upon the pond
Are dipping, scooting, ducking;
Foals, calves, and lambs are sucking,
And Peggy's out, not caring
To ask how Dick is faring.

I might have been a fool
Had I not gone to school
To find out what brings on
This blithe phenomenon.
The master said the sap
Is once a year on tap,
And that the whole world taxies
All day around its axis,
And that these brave things come
Because it's out of plumb.

—Oliver St. John Gogarty



but you have to touch them to tell. For CHARLES of the RITZ Leg Make-Up looks like the loveliest "stockings" you ever wore. Colors are based on popular hosiery shades.

Charles of the Ritz leg make-up

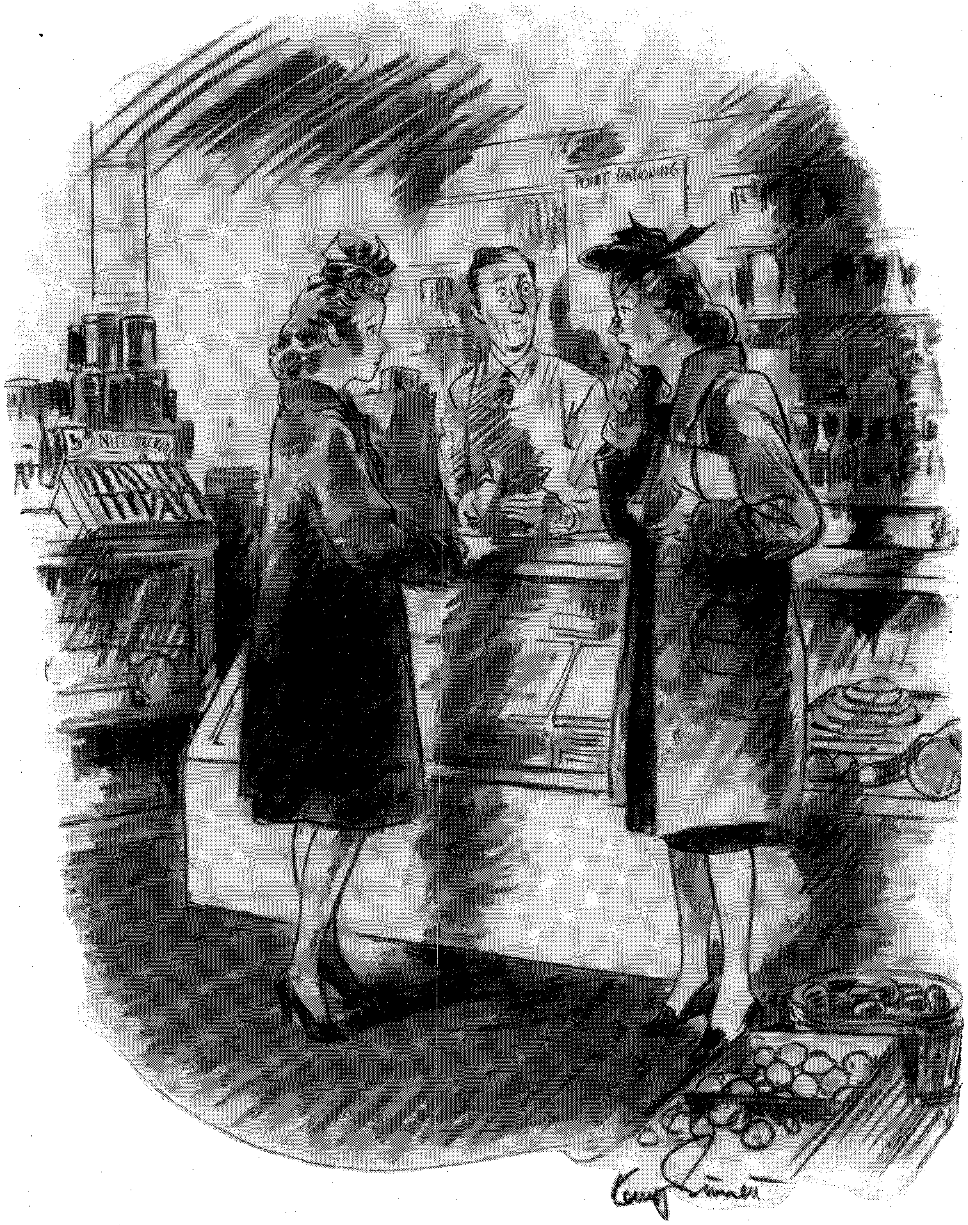
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THOUGH the riveter's helmet and the turban of the assembly line are becoming more and more modish for working hours, Easter Sunday established the fact that women still yearn for millinery that is flippant or gracious, according to individual temperament.

The hats at Erik, 15 East 53rd Street, are worldly, chic affairs, tilted to show patrician profiles, and princesses hereabouts who are proud of looking the part swear by him. Moreover, what he does with black-and-white and navy-and-white can make plain you and me look every inch a princess, or every other inch, anyway. There are beautiful tricorns, such as one of white satin with a black veil and black velvet bows climbing up the crown, and there are sailors in every possible size, such as one, a small number, of white panama with a heavy navy veil dangling in back, Grecian style. He also has a white silk straw sailor with a layer of navy horsehair projecting over the top of the brim, a white panama with a slightly curled brim and a black edging, and a little sailor with a contrasting maline edging and a shaved-ostrich fringe dangling back of the ear under the turned-up side of the hat. There are wide-brimmed hats, too. One is of white felt with a black maline edge and a black satin ribbon around the crown; another is of black-and-white straw braid with star-dotted red taffeta descending in back to form a scarf. All these charmers cost from $25 up and have an adult distinction that one has come to expect of Erik.

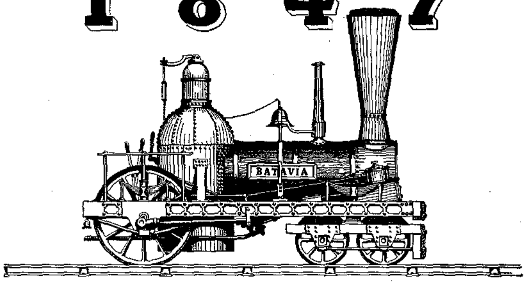
EVERYBODY is facing the fact that clothes must last longer these days, and many are the methods by which eager volunteers hope to give an old costume a new look. Herewith are a few additions for your address book: S. Wilkes, the veteran tailor of 24 East 66th Street, is a good man to consult about remodelling your furs; he has not only a conscience but Ideas. If you have dawdled about getting your tailored suit, you might like to know that he has turned out beauties which even in the extravagant days were mainstays for their owners for five years at least. Such things are $95. . . . Alfred Rainer, at 17 East 55th Street, had a reputation in Vienna that brought him the warmest of welcomes when he arrived here three years ago. He is another genius at fixing up furs; he loves to put wool or hand-knit flanges on fur coats that have become worn at the edges, make muffs out of furs that once decorated tired cloth coats, and the like. Rainer also makes custom coats. If you are the dramatic, Dietrich type, he likes wide fox boas of white polar fox dyed gray or black and costing from $220 up. His notion of what next winter's fur jacket should be is a Winston Churchill box coat of dyed brown Alaska seal with nautical-looking gold-metal buttons. . . . There has been the usual flood of phone calls this spring about "that panama-hat place." It's the Fifth Avenue Blockers, 210 Fifth Avenue (26th), and they'll not only block and clean beloved old panamas but will provide imaginative suggestions about remodelling, too. Panamas are still being flown up from Ecuador; this shop has them at prices from $12.50 up. . . . Betty Fields, at 55 West 42nd Street, is wonderful at refitting and altering old dresses to give them a brand-new look and is also expert at converting clothes that were mistakes to begin with. She is inexpensive, ingenious, and frank about telling you when there is no future for a dress except to give it away. . . . If you are



"Oh, dear! I've forgotten what it is Ralph said he wouldn't eat under any circumstances."

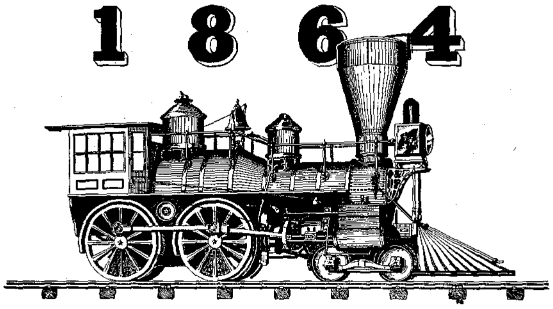
THEY SERVED IN 5 WARS
on the Water Level Route

1847



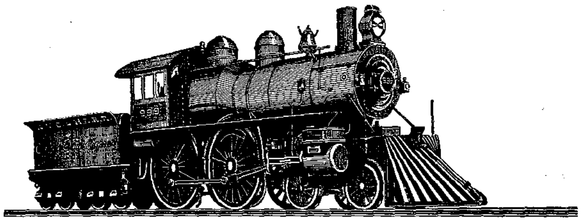
The little, cabless "Batavia" puffed along wood-and-strapiron rails . . . rails that led through the level Mohawk Valley to join the Great Lakes and the Hudson River. The Mexican War seemed far away. And only an occasional soldier "took the cars" over this pioneer link in New York Central's Water Level Route.

1864



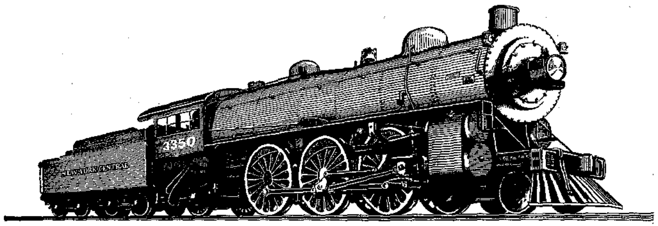
This time, the Water Level Route was at war in earnest. New locomotives, burning coal instead of wood, hauled food from the West for Grant's army. And at the old mines and foundries in the Hudson Highlands, flatcars loaded armor for the Union fleet of iron-clad Monitors . . . dreadnaughts of their day.

1898



The Spanish War. Cowboys shouting, "Remember the Maine!" raced east to join Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They got the first thrill of their great adventure when they boarded the Empire State Express . . . made famous by Engine 999, then holder of the world's speed record, 112½ miles an hour!

1917



Behind the big Pacifics, troop trains were rolling again over New York Central. This time they carried men by the hundreds of thousands . . . men who sang "The Yanks Are Coming" and "K-K-K-Katie!" . . . men whose four-mile-an-hour tanks and fragile, fabric-winged planes were then the world's deadliest weapons.

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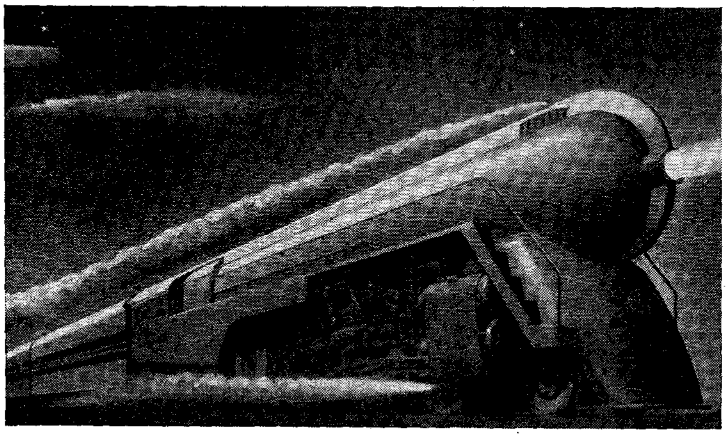

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THE NEW YORKER
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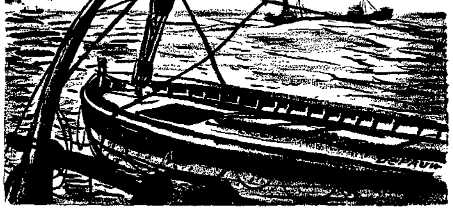
good at freshening up clothes yourself, S. Semler & Son, at 514 Madison Avenue (53rd), have all kinds of dressmakers' supplies and notions. They delight in making up odd belts of leather combined with your own fabric to give a fresh touch to a plain dress; they also have thousands of buttons, either to decorate a costume or to be transformed (for fifty cents extra) into unusual earrings. . . . Franceva, of 16 East 52nd Street, thinks that the real way to make any costume, old or new, look better is to get a perfectly fitting girdle. She has a ready-to-wear affair of batiste and knit elastic which, with one expert fitting, costs $16.50; prices start at $38.50 if you want this custom-made. She doesn't usually care for all-in-ones, and she throws in a lecture on posture with every girdle. She believes that girdles, like shoes, should be alternated frequently so that they'll wear longer, and swears that every fabric she uses stands up well under frequent washings. For summer, she has a pink cotton mesh that has sturdy restraining powers. She also makes brassières; with a single fitting, you pay $4.50 for a model in thin English broadcloth. There's also one in English net, as fine as chiffon, that costs from $12.50 up, custom-made.

THE cosmeticians, naturally enough, have theories of their own: they feel that all an old costume needs to bring it up to date is a new face or figure. They have therefore been inventing their heads off to tempt you into looking so glorious that nobody will notice what you have on. Roger Vergnes is my choice for the hairdresser of the week; he's at 36 East 57th Street, in a cheerful little shop that is all sunlight and fresh flowers and charm. The haircutting is exceptional, to judge by what I have seen, and clients who have been going to him since he was in Paris and Cannes insist that there is no one like him for giving you that cosmopolitan self-confidence. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Five-Day Wonder Course, a $15 affair, will set your feet firmly on the path to a better figure, better makeup, better done-at-home coiffures, and a number of other better



things. There are morning, afternoon, and evening classes (for both mass and individual instruction), each taking about two hours, assuming anyone still has two hours to herself. After five sessions, you should be able to make a beauty of yourself under your own surveillance at home. Rubinstein is at 715 Fifth Avenue (56th). . . . Germaine Monteil's eau de toilette, Laughter, has both the sweetness and the bubbling vivacity of spring; it costs $2.50, $4.50, and $8, depending on the size of the bottle, in shops all over town and is one of the gayest new scents of the past year. . . . Coty, reconciling itself to the fact that young girls insist on wearing dark lipstick and that mothers are as powerless in this generation as in any other to control the situation, has decided to offer a darkish makeup that is just right. The powder is in a new shade called Café Creme, a golden beige that is most attractive; the new dry rouge and lipstick are in a rich dark red called Cassis. . . . Elizabeth Arden's Eight-Hour Cream is not new to Miss Arden, but it was a revelation to me because of the way it smooths a roughened, chapped skin. It has a clean, medicated sort of smell. You put it on at night after you take your bath, wipe off the surplus, leave the residue on overnight, and wake up amazed. . . . Prince Matchabelli's prize perfume, Duchess of York (the one with the lilac overtone), is now around in lovely new aquamarine-and-gold containers. His crown-shaped soap in this scent is new; so is the giant box of dusting powder ($2.50). His big aquamarine satin package, containing perfume, cologne, sachet, and talc ($10), would be a nice gift for an Army bride who intends to set up sketchy housekeeping near wherever her husband is stationed. . . . Those brisk Friendship's Garden bath salts are now on hand in tubular, flower-sprigged cardboard sticks, eight of them for a dollar. They're one of the many Shulton products. . . . It's been a mite chilly to experiment with leg makeup, but I can report that the Charles of the Ritz offering is a honey. It goes on easily, doesn't dust off on your black crêpe, and appears in exceptionally good stocking colors. It's a dollar for a six-ounce bottle.

—L. L.

•

WHICH PAGE OF "LIFE" D'YA READ?

There are no professional athletes in the U.S.S.R.—*Life, March 29th, page 106.*

. . . even professional boxers in Russia are not very good.—*Life, March 29th, page 111.*

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THE RACE TRACK

No Surprise

WELL, the Kentucky Derby turned out as almost everybody thought it would, and the chorus of I-told-you-so's was uproarious. If Count Fleet's triumph in that race means anything, he should win the Preakness at Pimlico this week-end and everything else he runs for this season. Since he'll always be held at very short odds, the only entertaining speculation will consist of making up pools, at maybe fifty cents a corner, on how fast he'll run. The outlook must be pretty depressing to long-shot players and to owners of other three-year-olds.

There is a legend that the famous horses trained by the more famous Jimmy Rowe were taught to beat their field in a quarter of a mile. Somewhere in each race (it didn't matter much where), they'd run so fast for a couple of furlongs that they'd take all the fight out of their opposition. Apparently Count Fleet used the same tactics in the Kentucky Derby. I say "apparently" because, as luck and transportation restrictions would have it, I did not see him run at Churchill Downs last week. Matt Winn, who put on the show, seems to have got along well enough without me, for if, according to the estimates, there were sixty thousand spectators on the grounds, the crowd was just about as big as it was last year. Following the race by radio, and in comfort, I had a fair enough time, but I'm looking forward to the day when television comes from around the corner where it's been hiding, bringing with it a slot-machine attachment which will take my bets and pay me off at track odds.

As I visualized the race, Count Fleet must have had the time of his young life, even though he got spiked again at the start, as he did in the Wood Stakes. This time it was his left forefoot; if he keeps on doing things like that, he's soon going to have wound stripes on every shoulder. However, I'll bet he enjoyed disposing of Gold Shower in the first quarter mile in one spectacular burst of speed (Gold Shower finished eighth, beaten twenty lengths); after that grandiose display nobody even got close to him.

Count Fleet is trained by Don

Cameron, a Californian who did some running himself—on cinders, not turf—in his college days, and is ridden by Johnny Longden, who has been aboard nearly two thousand winners all told, although, until last Saturday, never one in the Kentucky Derby. The Derby purse was $60,725, and the Preakness may yield around $50,000. I don't, by the way, suppose that there'll be many starters in the Preakness; racers get bored and then sour trying to beat a horse who's unbeatable.

WHILE hiding from the half gale at Jamaica a bit earlier on Saturday afternoon, I picked up the Dixie Handicap, at Pimlico, on my radio. It would be difficult to disparage Riverland, who won it. However, the notion that he's as good a handicap horse as we've got is no more reasonable than the opinion that he was lucky to win on Saturday. For it's only fair to say that Attention was bumped and knocked off his stride by his stablemate, Tola Rose, almost at the very moment that he challenged Riverland. I expect that Riverland and Attention will meet again in the Grey Lag Handicap at Jamaica this weekend, and then everybody can make another guess.

WITHOUT meaning to boast too much, I will point out that last week I suggested that the Brookmeade Stable's Dare Me was the best two-year-old I'd seen this season. I hope you noticed that she won the Rosedale Stakes the other afternoon, in spite of the fact that last autumn she was judged the best yearling at the Upperville Horse Show. Being a prize yearling is a sort of gypsy's curse and the unlucky recipient of such an award usually never amounts to much. Dare Me is different. By the way, Pomayya, her half sister, also won a stake race last week; things are looking up for the Brookmeade Stable.

Overdrawn put up a good show to win the Jamaica Handicap for the third time in as many seasons. It's not often horses can bring off a trick like that. Discovery did it in the Brooklyn, and of course Exterminator, as gallant a racer as I ever saw, won the Pimlico Cup three times and the Saratoga Cup four. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Just now it is fashionable to attack "planners." But the truth is that our whole war effort is screaming aloud for really efficient panning.—*Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Evening Eagle.*

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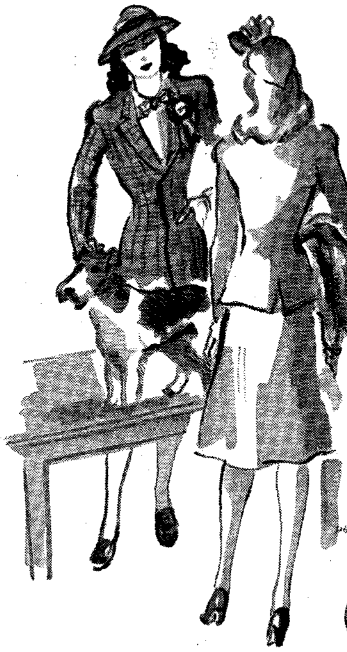

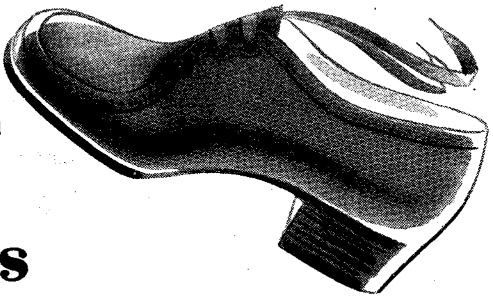

The WARDEN

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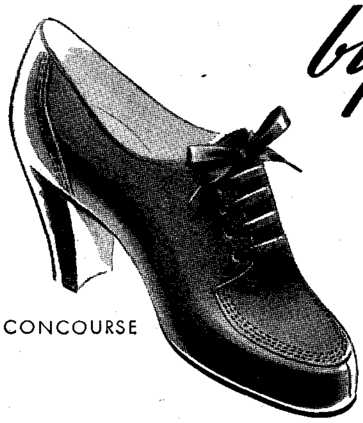

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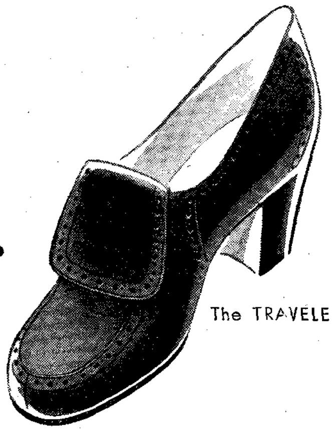
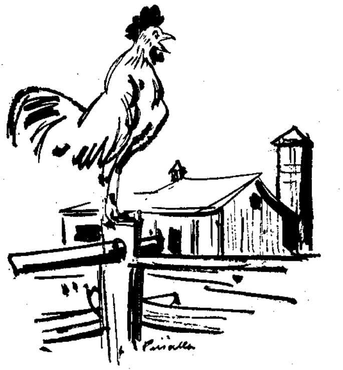


The TRAVELER

A LITTLE POISON NEVER HURT ANYBODY

Mrs. Adams turned her head so that she could see her reflection in a shop window as she walked past. As the glass foreshortened her body and made her look slightly dumpy, she kept her eyes fixed on the reflection of her hat, which was trimmed with pheasant feathers that curved across her cheek. When it was windy, the feathers blew up over her head, and often sailors and soldiers who saw her from across the street whistled at her or whooped like Indians. It was true that from a distance she had a giddy appearance. Her feet were small in their gay, platform, open-toed shoes, and the cape she wore disguised the slight matronliness of her figure. The quick glimpse she had of herself reminded her that she must carry her head up and remember not to smile or frown too much. She turned her head away and spoke to the woman who was walking almost a foot behind her. “I suppose it’s foolish of me to be thinking of a ring in these times,” she said. “But *someone* has to be foolish or everything would stop altogether. At least, that’s the way it seems to me.”

The other woman was panting slightly. She was not fat, exactly, but she had the figure of a pigeon. Her legs were slender. Her bosom and waist were substantial. Mrs. Adams thought it was too bad that Millie didn’t have more dash. Since they had met at a cocktail party almost a year ago, Mrs. Adams had tried to do a lot for her by suggestion. When they had lunch together, for instance, Mrs. Adams made a point of ordering a plain meat sandwich with no mayonnaise on gluten bread, hoping that Millie would take the hint, which she never did. And when Mrs. Adams ordered tea or coffee, she always told the waitress not to bother with the sugar, and took a small, etched silver box from her bag and laid it on the table. The box held her saccharine. It was strange, Mrs. Adams thought, that Millie didn’t seem to catch on. Once Millie had ordered a shrimp-salad roll with Russian dressing and Mrs. Adams had ordered one too. When they came, Mrs. Adams pushed away the top half of the roll with her fork, saying emphatically, “All that bread!” Millie looked doubtfully at her roll. For a minute Mrs. Adams thought she had won, and then Millie laughed. “I suppose,” she said. “But the rolls are so good here.”



Now, walking in back of Mrs. Adams, Millie took two or three little running steps. “I didn’t hear what you were saying, dear,” she said.

“About my ring,” Mrs. Adams said. “I suppose it’s foolish.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Millie said. “It’s not as though you were going to buy a whole new ring. After all, you *have* the diamond.”

“One of my mother’s earrings,” Mrs. Adams murmured. “I should have had them both, but you know Lida! She got there before I did when poor Mother passed on, and she’s like a crow. I said to Harry at the time, I said, ‘I don’t mind in the least, except Mother always said they were to be mine, and anything, but anything, shiny would have been the same to Lida.’ It was sentiment with me.”

The two women walked into a small jewelry store and tossed their bags onto the top of the glass showcase. It was warm from the electric-light bulbs that were used to show the jewelry in the case to better advantage.

“Here we are!” Mrs. Adams said gaily to the man behind the counter. “This is my friend Mrs. Cosgrove. Millie, this is Mr. Harris, who made my clips.”

Millie and Mr. Harris nodded and smiled at each other. “And now, Mr. Harris,” Mrs. Adams said, “I’d like you to show Mrs. Cosgrove my earring *and* tell her about the lovely idea you have for the ring.”

“Assuredly,” Mr. Harris said. He fumbled in a drawer behind the counter and brought out a chamois bag. He set a black velvet square on the counter and shook the bag over it. A shining white diamond fell out. The diamond was set in gold.

“It’s lovely,” Millie said. “Sweet, really. And made for a pierced ear, too!”

Mrs. Adams sighed. “If I’d gotten both,” she said, “I would have had my ears pierced.”

“Mrs. Adams is flattering me when she asks me to tell you my design,” Mr. Harris said. “I think I can safely say *my* design is Mrs. Adams’ design.” He frowned and cleared his throat. “You see, Mrs. Adams thought of a brown diamond.”

“A brown diamond!” Millie repeated. “I never heard of one.”

“They *are* unusual,” Mr. Harris agreed. “But I’ve found one.” He looked at Mrs. Adams triumphantly.

“You haven’t!” Mrs. Adams said. “I can’t believe it. I thought you’d have to look and look.”

Mr. Harris lowered his eyes modestly and, reaching once more into the drawer, brought out a package wrapped in tissue paper. When he had opened it, he took a small pair of tweezers and picked up a diamond, which he set carefully beside the earring.

“Beautiful!” Mrs. Adams said. “Beautiful.”

“Just like a topaz,” Millie said.

Mr. Harris looked at her sharply. “I beg to disagree,” he said. “Not like a topaz. A topaz has no fire. This stone, if you will examine it under the light, *has* fire.”

“Oh, fire, of course,” Millie said. “I was speaking of the color.”

“Even the color,” Mr. Harris said. “The color is not the same. It is richer.”

“Perfect!” Mrs. Adams said. “And unusual! Set side by side—”

“In antiqued gold,” Mr. Harris interrupted. “Exquisitely simple.”

“Perfect!” Mrs. Adams repeated. “You see, Millie, I know it’s foolish. I mean, it would be foolish if I’d bought a real diamond.”

“The brown diamond is a real diamond,” Mr. Harris reminded her.

“Oh, of course,” Mrs. Adams said. “I know that. But it isn’t as though I were buying a fine stone like the one in the earring.”

Mr. Harris coughed and looked down discreetly. Mrs. Adams tilted her head to one side and when she spoke her voice had lost some of its warmth. “A brown diamond is different,” she said. “There’s not much *call* for brown diamonds.”

“They’re rare,” Mr. Harris said. “Not popular, maybe, but rare.”

“And how much is the diamond?” Mrs. Adams asked.

Mr. Harris spoke quietly and firmly. “Six hundred and fifty dollars.”

Mrs. Adams’ eyes flickered once. “I see,” she said. “With or without tax?”

“Without,” Mr. Harris said. “And without the setting, of course.”

Mrs. Adams picked up her bag. “Well,” she said, “I’ll think it over and call you. It’s not that I mind the price, but there *is* a war on, you know, and

I think I'd better look around a little. Come, Millie."

She nodded brightly and smiled. Her eyes were fixed at a point over Mr. Harris's head.

OUT on the street, Mrs. Adams turned to Mrs. Cosgrove. "Did you ever!" she said. "For a brown diamond. I never was so surprised in my life. It's really wicked."

"It *is* wicked," Millie agreed. "For anything that looks so much like a topaz."

"To be perfectly frank, I don't think I could tell the difference." Mrs. Adams glanced down at her watch. "Goodness! I'm due at the doctor's. I'll drop you off."

They walked to the curb and stood waiting for a taxi. "The idea!" Millie said. "All that money for what might as well be a topaz. I think you're being very sensible in not considering it."

Mrs. Adams had a warm feeling toward Millie. "I tell you what," she said, "you come to the doctor's, too."

"I haven't anything," Millie said.

"Don't be silly," Mrs. Adams said. "Neither have I. I just get these injections." She waved at a cab, which pulled up beside the two women.

"Come along and don't argue," Mrs. Adams said. They got into the cab.

"Park Avenue between Seventy-second and Seventy-third. I've forgotten the number," Mrs. Adams said to the driver.

Millie sat back in the cab, looking worried. "But what sort of injection?" she asked.

"Listen, my dear," Mrs. Adams said. "This doctor is a very good doctor. And he's a perfect lamb. He gives them to me. I feel divine on them."

"What are they?" Millie asked.

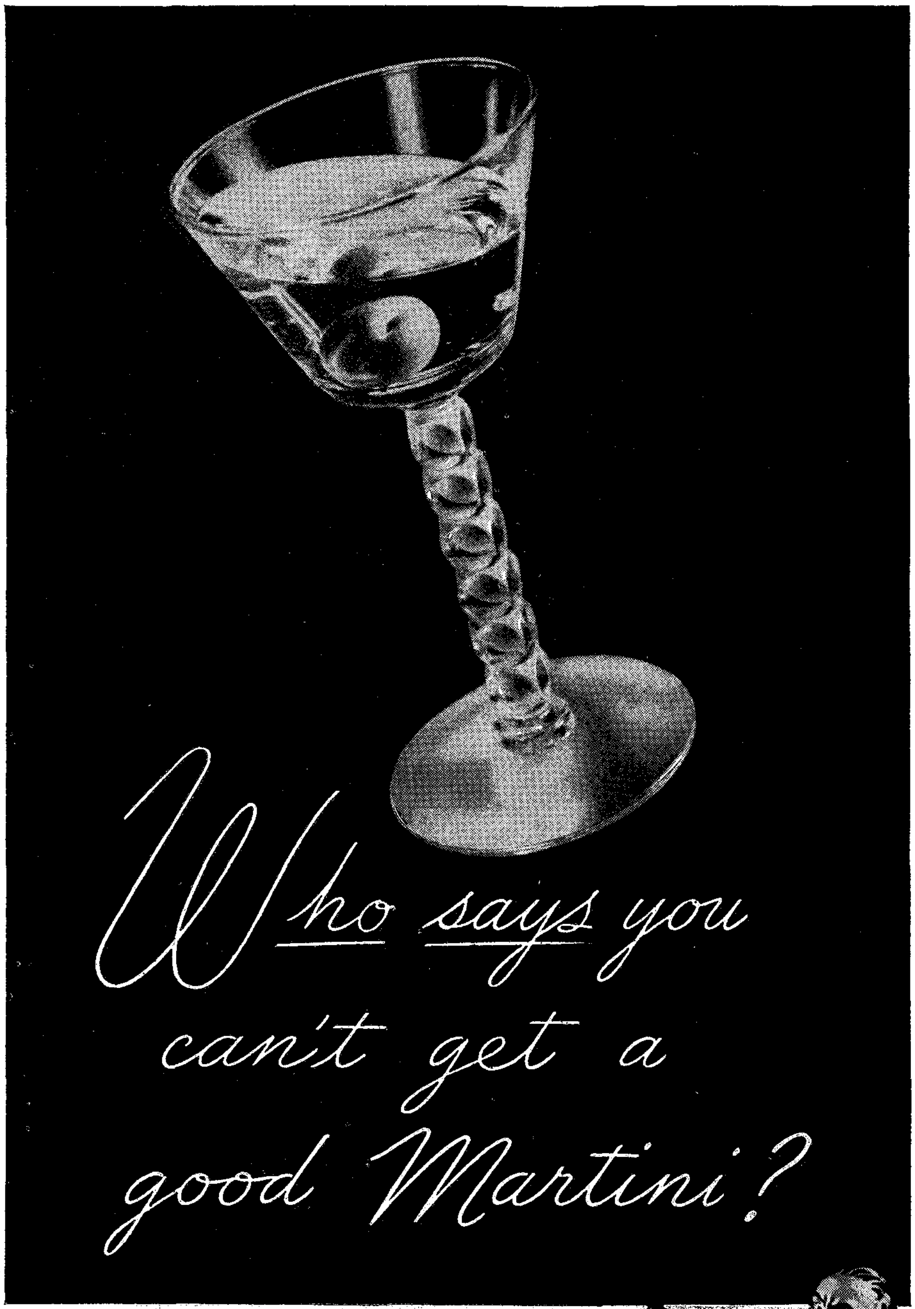
"Oh," Mrs. Adams said, "he told me once, but I've forgotten. They couldn't possibly hurt you. *That* I do know. I think they have strychnine or something in them."

"Strychnine is poison," Millie said.

"Well, then, it isn't strychnine," Mrs. Adams said. "Because this doctor is a lamb and he wouldn't be giving people poison, except perhaps in small quantities. Poison is often very good in small quantities."

"Well," Millie said doubtfully, "I'll go with you, but I don't think I'll have one."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Adams said. "I was going to buy you a drink anyway, only there wasn't time because I have this appointment. Besides, I was out of



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saccharine, and I always put saccharine in my drinks instead of sugar." She glanced quickly at Millie to see if she had caught the significance of this last remark.

"Well," Millie said.

"Now look!" Mrs. Adams said. "I want to do this for you. After all, if it hadn't been for you and your saying what you did about the topaz, that man might have sold me that diamond. And these injections are really wonderful. I've felt perfect ever since I started them. I never get tired." She leaned forward and tapped on the glass. "Here," she called. "Right here, driver." She fumbled in her bag and brought out a dollar. "Give me a quarter," she said.

The two women got out of the cab and walked to the entrance of a maisonette. Mrs. Adams rang the bell and a nurse in a white uniform opened the door.

"You ought to have about twelve of them," Mrs. Adams said to Millie, "but I should think one would do *something*."

They stood in the waiting room, which opened into the doctor's office. Mrs. Adams loosened the fastening of her cape. The nurse opened the door to the office and beckoned them in, and the two women walked through the door, their heels tapping lightly on the bare wood as they crossed the threshold. The doctor was a heavy man who wore a dark gray suit with a discreet pin stripe. There was a cornflower in his buttonhole.

Mrs. Adams held out her hand. "Here I am," she said. "On the dot. And I've brought my dear friend Mrs. Cosgrove with me. She wants one of those things I get."

The doctor looked up at them. His eyelids were heavy and his eyes were tired. He put his hands on the top of his desk and stood up.

Mrs. Adams took Millie's arm and squeezed it. "I'm so glad I thought of it," she said. "I'm crazy about them and it's just like a pinprick."

"You go first," Millie said.

"No. You go first, my dear," Mrs. Adams said generously. "I can't wait to see if you'll notice the difference."

She turned to the doctor and smiled at him coquettishly. "Mrs. Cosgrove's injection is on me," she said.

—Esther Evarts

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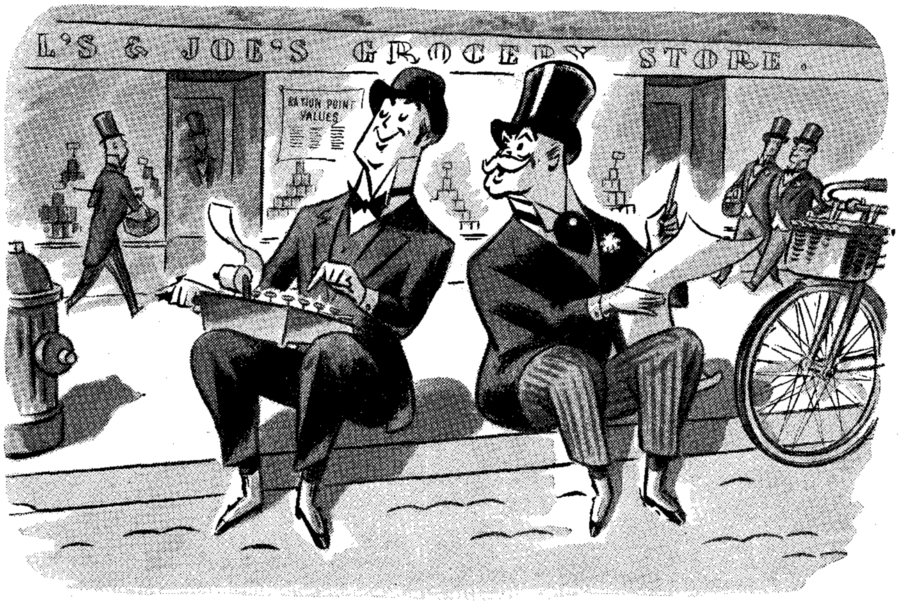
"It was just a typographical Werror..." was the response to telephone calls.—*The Times.*

To werr is hooman.



Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Wisdom

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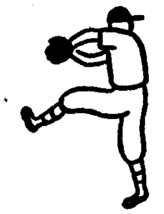
NOTES ON SPORTS

Book Review



Frank Graham, a sports columnist on the *Sun*, is emerging as the historian of the individual and collective New York Yankees. Last year he published "Lou Gehrig, a Quiet Hero" and now he has come up with "The New York Yankees," both of which titles are self-explanatory. This last book covers the forty years from Joe Gordon to Joe Gordon, you might say, since it starts out with the election of a man by that name as the first president of the club at the beginning of the century and winds up with the prospects for the coming season, in which a second baseman by the same name is expected to be the mainspring of the lineup. There is no doubt that if you are going to write a biography of a baseball team, there's something to be said for picking the Yankees, since their record is about the most impressive in the business. As an organization, however, they are wealthy and dull, and even the high spots of their story must be played up for all they're worth to make breathless reading.

It seems to this department that Mr. Graham may not have made the most of his material. For a reviewer who has not boned up on the early days of Ban Johnson, the man who presided stormily over the American League in its infancy, and Frank Farrell and Bill Devery, the club's first owners, who built their wooden stands at 165th Street and Broadway, it's difficult to tell how well Mr. Graham has done with that era. To one, on the other hand, who has his own convictions about latter-day Yankee personalities, it appears that the author may have missed a couple of good bets. It's probably time, for example, that more was told about Babe Ruth than tales of how he has brightened the lives of ailing little boys and time that some of his shenanigans were explained by some other characteristic than healthy animal spirits. And the mad left-hander, Lefty Gomez, might be profitably exploited more thoroughly than the author has done. What about Gomez's yearly yellow automobiles and his buying a house in Boston not because he wanted to live in Boston but because he liked the house?

Mr. Graham has long been a follower and an admirer of the Yankees, and

What!... No Privacy?

MORGAN DENNIS
SOAP

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Whitey: "Yes, Blackie—our public expects it."

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it's understandable that he should describe in detail a great many of their important games and then skate swiftly over the 1942 World Series. That was an episode which St. Louis Cardinal fans would no doubt like to have printed in a pocket-size pamphlet that they could thumb through on gloomy days, but Yankee rooters are inclined just to count the 1941 Series as the last one played.

Both of Mr. Graham's books have been written in conscientious prose that is so much tidier than what you are apt to come across in hurried daily sports columns that you sometimes forget you are reading baseball stuff and imagine you have picked up a modern historical work. This is, of course, only fitting in dealing with a patrician outfit like the Yankees, and it's nice that Mr. Graham could fill the bill.

HARVARD wound up its rowing season last Saturday undefeated, as usual. This year it was a little easier for the crew to maintain a clean record than it has been for some time because the schedule called for only two regattas. The first was against M.I.T. two weeks ago and this second one was against Navy, Cornell, and Pennsylvania, for the Adams Cup. Harvard nosed out Navy, which had led most of the way, by dint of a weapon that has been the property of Harvard crews for longer than most of their opponents care to remember—namely, smoothness. When Navy raised its beat at the beginning of the last half mile, Harvard kept its own down without losing ground. Then, in the final sprint, when both went up to around forty, Harvard moved ahead because it could maintain the pace and the old poetry of motion simultaneously, while Navy tended to wobble under the strain.

Columbia won its race with Rutgers last week, in spite of being blown briefly off its course on the Harlem River. Incidentally, this Saturday's Childs Cup regatta, involving Navy, Columbia, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and M.I.T., will not be rowed on the Harlem Speedway, as announced in one of the papers, but at Annapolis. Anyhow, races are never rowed on the Speedway; they're rowed on the Harlem River. It's a matter of precedent. —D. L.

•

The government was cautioning our boys to annoy women in Africa. Is this not a double negative?—*From a letter to the Columbia (S.C.) State.*

No, it's just a silly government.

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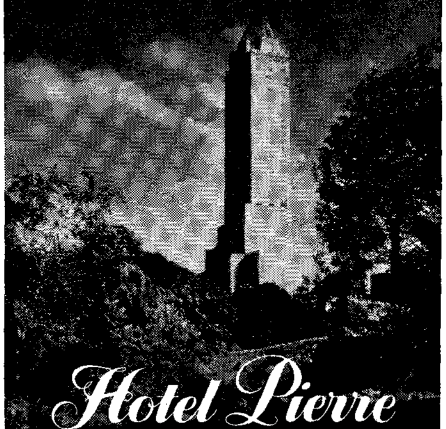

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BOOKS

Mlle. Curie Sees the World

THE almost unfairly talented Eve Curie has, in "Journey Among Warriors," done one of the best jobs of world reporting evoked by the current conflict. Not only that, but this extraordinary Frenchwoman has composed her 500-page book in English, handling the acquired language, except for a few trifling slips, with precise fluency. Already one of the finest biographers of our time, she now establishes herself as a top-flight journalist with a remarkable capacity, almost that of a novelist, to illuminate people and places rather than policies and politics. Her book is a record not of a "world at war" but of human beings fighting, which is a rather different thing.

Mlle. Curie covered more ground than Mr. Willkie, covered it more slowly, and returned with somewhat the same conclusions, though more tentatively expressed. Starting from New York on November 10, 1941, her itinerary (how familiar these names are becoming) ran somewhat like this: Brazil to Nigeria to Cairo (with a side excursion to the Libyan front) to Alexandria to Beirut to Damascus to Teheran to Kuibyshev to Moscow and Mozhaisk, back to Iran, thence to Lashio, Mandalay, and Rangoon, up to Chungking and Chengtu, and back to India, with stops at Calcutta and New Delhi.

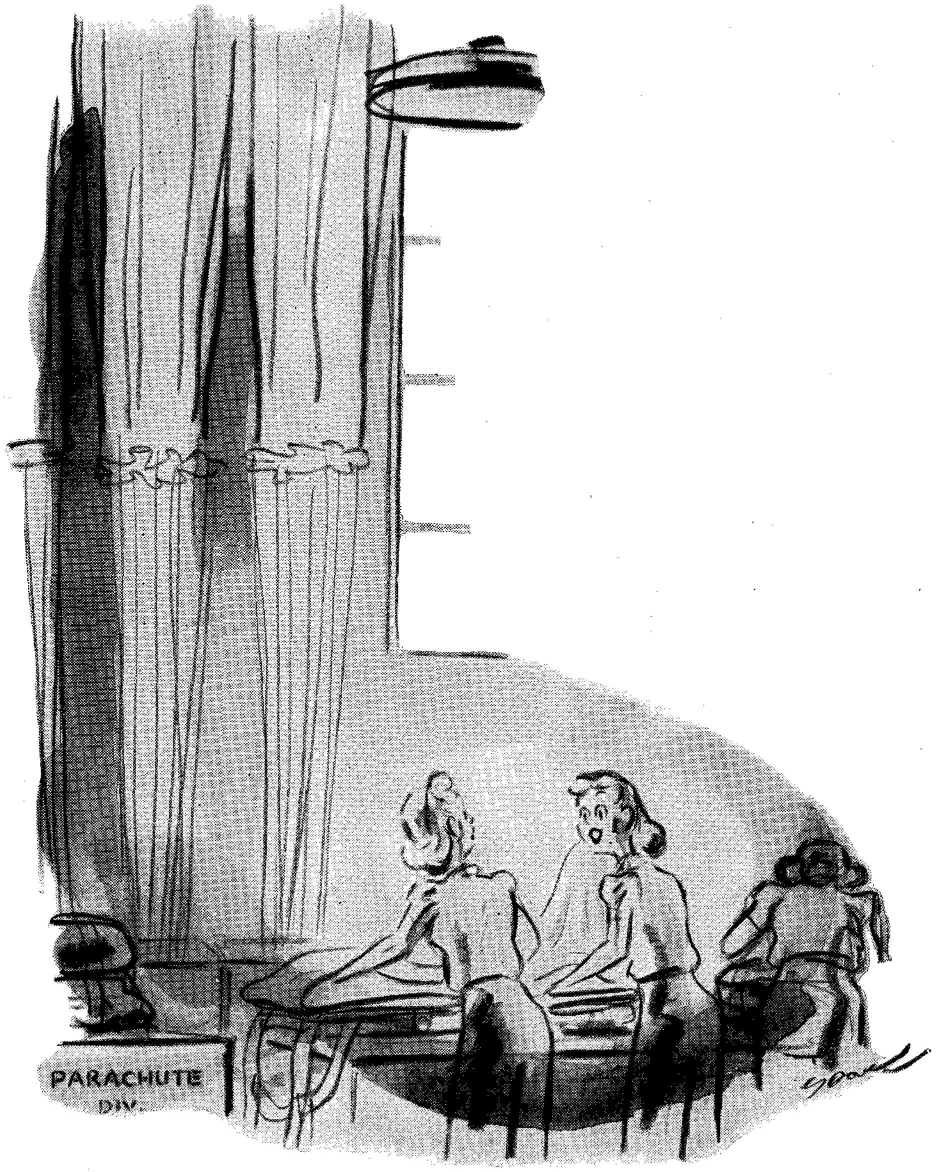
In North Africa, in Russia, and in Burma, Mlle. Curie talked her way into the good graces of the authorities and was permitted to get within a few miles of the fronts. Her impressions of the North African situation are colored by her enthusiastic adherence to de Gaullism. She provides excellent sketches of the Free French leaders, particularly of General Catroux, who, to this reader at least, seems to be of bigger dimensions than de Gaulle.

The section on Russia is by far the best in the book. In fact, I do not know of any recent report from a non-Russian that explains so clearly why the Russian civilian front has proved so unbeatable. For Mlle. Curie, Russia is "the only professional on our side." Her visit to Mozhaisk and the surrounding countryside provided her with an opportunity for an eyewitness report on what the Germans like to do to their natural enemies, human beings. Before they left Mozhaisk in ruins, the Germans had locked up two hundred civilians in the Holy Trinity Cathedral and then blown up the building. They had shot a boy of eleven because his name happened to be Vladimir, which was also Lenin's real first name. They had machine-gunned some children who made the mistake of laughing at them. They had burned prisoners alive.

Mlle. Curie also provides a fascinating chapter on Yasnaya Polyana, the Tolstoy shrine. This shrine the Germans took special pleasure in desecrating, even though they should have known that the desecration was a military mistake and would only intensify Russian morale.

In India, Mlle. Curie found herself quite naturally confused by the tangle of Indian politics. One Hindu told her, "Our choice is to be the slaves of Britain or the slaves of the Axis. My answer is: 'We don't care.' " Nehru was less intransigent but seemed suffused with a curious defeatism, and as for Gandhi, I can only report that his remarks to Mlle. Curie appear to my mind to be dangerous balderdash and, in effect, an open invitation to the Japanese to enslave his country.

The side journey into Burma at the time that the Burmese front was crumbling merely confirmed the reports we have received from other observers—to wit, that the Britishers in the region were still living in the nineteenth century. In China, Mlle. Curie spoke with the Soong sisters, with Chiang Kai-shek, and with the Communist Chou En-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lai. She brought back the same impression that Mr. Willkie received: The Chinese are fighting almost barehanded and need more help than the democracies have so far given them.

While Mlle. Curie saw much to hearten her and nothing to shake her firm conviction that we will win, she warns us that the United Nations are still only a phrase and that this war can be but a prelude to future wars unless the phrase is turned into a reality.

A NEWCOMER, H. R. Hays, whose great-great-grandfather, according to tradition, was America's first detective, offers a tricky little psychological chiller, "Stranger on the Highway," with which Alfred Hitchcock, were he so minded, could probably do great things. However, though the story revolves around a murder, it is not at all a crime story in the conventional sense. To the Midwestern hamlet of Stubblestone, where the bus doesn't stop, comes a young insurance investigator. His job is to find out whether the death of Eliza Bates was or was not according to Hoyle. His researches into the life of Stubblestone involve encounters with the sheriff, who believes murder "ain't neighborly"; a rather engaging halfwit; a ten-year-old wretch named Anastasia; a bawdy old girl called Molly, who doesn't miss a trick; a rustic Medea; and her daughter Rose, who wants nothing except to get out of Stubblestone, and no wonder.

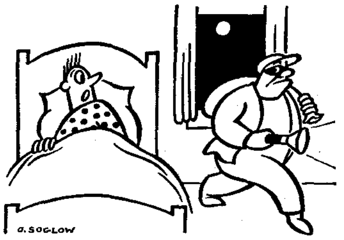
Mr. Hays' plot is only fair, but "Stranger on the Highway" depends for its effect on atmosphere rather than story. This unpretentious shocker is one of the bitterest novels I have ever read about the kind of isolated citizens who hate the city, the outsider, with all the "ferocity of the commonplace," in the author's phrase. Mr. Hays' people are as ugly as Mr. Faulkner's and considerably easier to understand. He has a neat flair for projecting scenes of decay and morbidity and doesn't make half as much pother over his own talent as Mr. Faulkner does over his. This novel is a mere experiment. I shall watch for Mr. Hays' next with some avidity.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JOSHUA MOORE, AMERICAN, by George F. Hummel. The fortunes of a single American family set against a background of five periods of the country's history. Mr. Hummel starts



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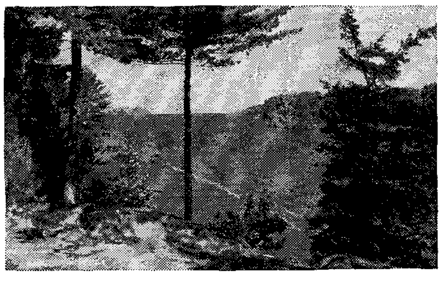

"There are thousands of people who will be needing rest and change. The older ones—who can be of no real aid in war work—will be better off in the country. The families with small children; persons recovering from illnesses, operations, breakdowns—come to our vacationland to regain strength and health.
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the first Joshua Moore off as one of the seventeenth-century English settlers of Long Island, associates a later Joshua with post-Revolutionary times in Pennsylvania, records another's part in the bloody early history of Kansas, and finally, after the war to end war, brings a descendant back to the Long Island village of his first American ancestor. From here a contemporary Joshua sets out as an aviator in the present war. A rather wearisome execution of a sound though not original idea.

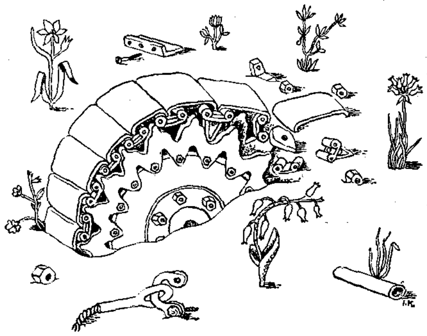
BATS IN THE BELFRY, by Norman Matson, with illustrations by Herbert Roese. The author, who helped Thorne Smith put "The Passionate Witch" in her grave, now resurrects the lady and makes a lot of trouble for everybody concerned. A capering tale told with a dogged determination to be as funny as all getout, which (so the publishers say) will delight the heart of Smithomaniacs. Smithomaniacs will kindly move over to the far corner.

THE DEAD LOOK ON, by Gerald Kersh. A short, powerful story obviously inspired by the Lidice massacre. Mr. Kersh's completely inhuman Germans are also completely convincing. Recommended to admirers of "The Moon Is Down."

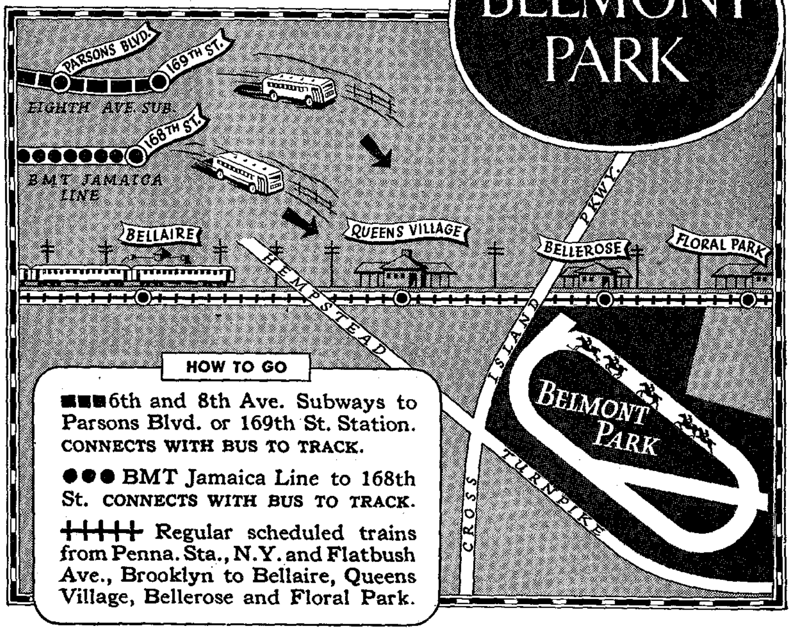
GENERAL

VICTORIES OF ARMY MEDICINE, by Colonel Edgar Erskine Hume, Medical Corps, United States Army. Official-sounding history of the Army's medical department and its achievements since 1775, which are considerable and highly various. The book is somewhat episodic and pious, but evidently comprehensive. Photographs (three of them in color), reproductions of historical material, and full appendices.

LAST MAN OFF WAKE ISLAND, by Lieutenant Colonel Walter L. J. Bayler, U. S. M. C., as told to Cecil Carnes. Lieutenant Colonel Bayler was ordered off Wake Island some



THE EASIEST APPROACHES TO THE RACES AT BELMONT PARK



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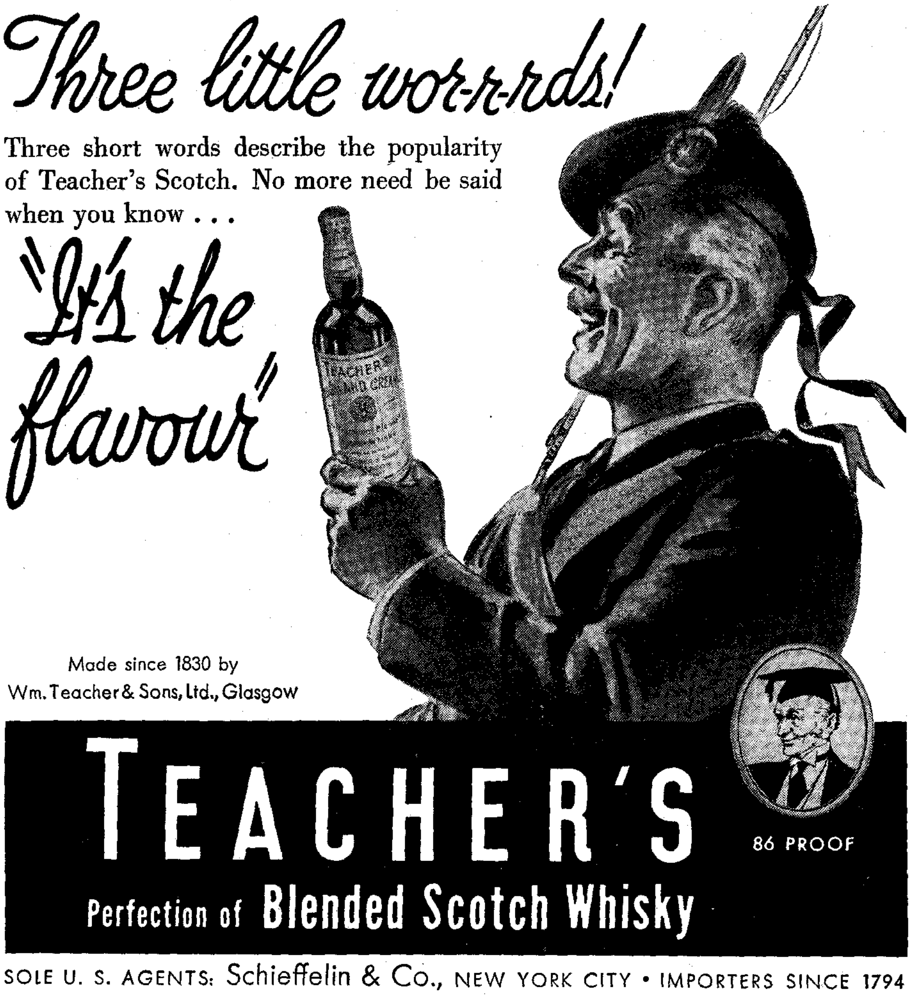
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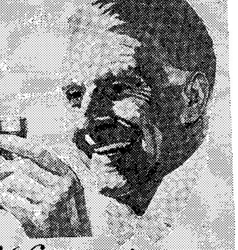
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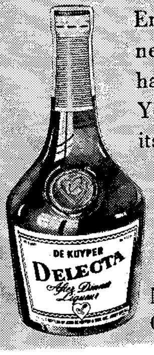
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thirty-six hours before the fight ended, and went on down to further battle at Midway and Guadalcanal. Most of his story is fresh and, as befits a Marine of the ancient breed, pithy and humorous. A portion of the book has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Photographs.

The Maine Idea. Stories and pictures arranged by Keith Warren Jennison. Eighty-seven genre photographs, nearly all excellent, presented in the style of the editor's "Vermont Is Where You Find It." The captions are in the form of apothegmatic questions and answers. Example: Q. "How are you, Aaron?" A. "I'm all right, if you don't ask for details."

Thomas Wolfe's Letters to His Mother, edited, with an introduction, by John Skally Terry. Some letters and notes, the dates running from 1909 to a few weeks before Wolfe's death in 1938. They reveal the slow development of an earnest and powerful writer. Aside from their value as autobiography, they seem on the whole somewhat conventional and naïve, but there are unforgettable flashes of the best Wolfe.

Mind, Medicine, and Man, by Gregory Zilboorg. A fine, substantial book about the nature and social functions of psychiatry, by the author of "A History of Medical Psychology." Dr. Zilboorg is especially good on the history of lay and medical attitudes toward mental disease and its treatment. Well written and in no sense a popularization, but not very difficult, either. Foreword by Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Man Next Door, by Mignon G. Eberhart. An unpleasant character is found murdered in Christine Blake's house in Washington by Maida Lovell, secretary to Steve Blake, War Department executive, and Mrs. Blake's brother-in-law. A sinister but obliging gentleman removes the body, but demands aircraft information as his price for protecting the Blake family. Love and espionage in a sound, plausible story.

•

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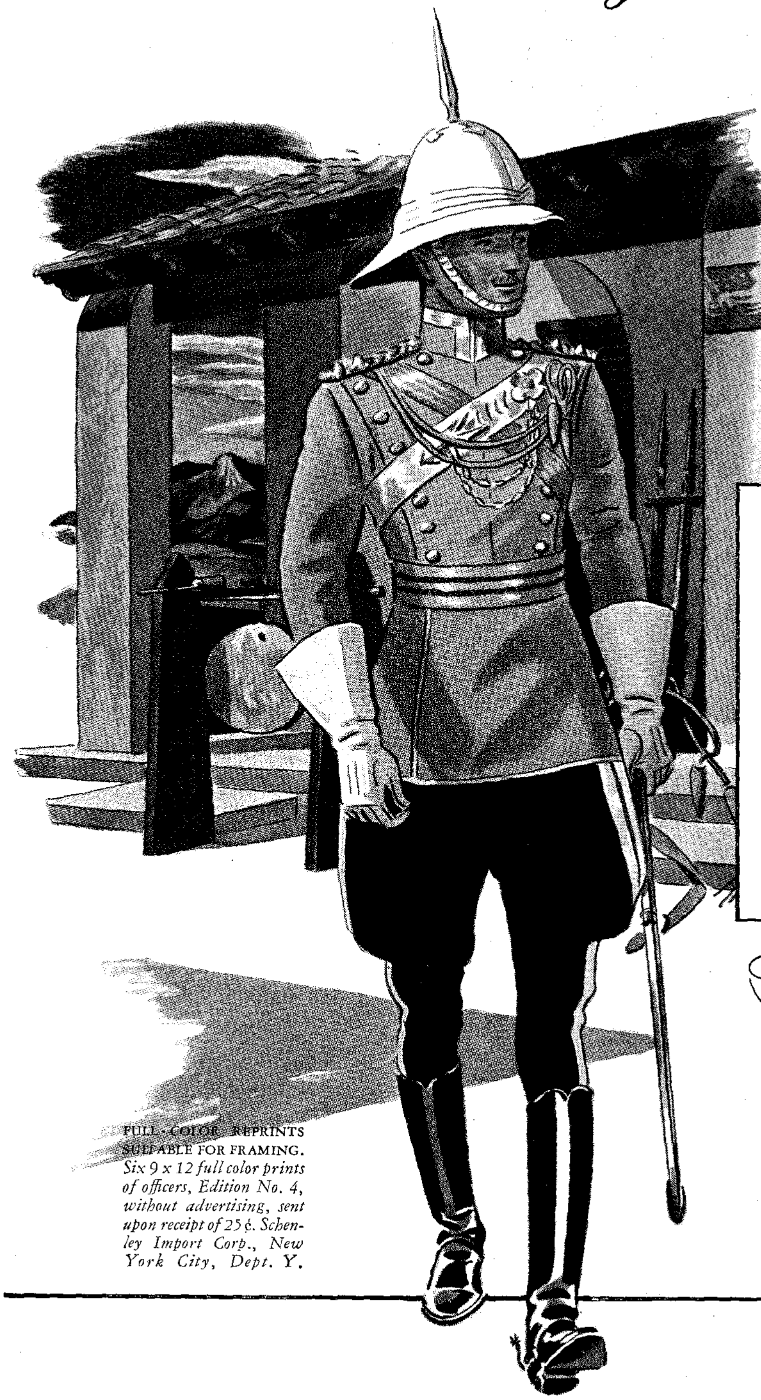

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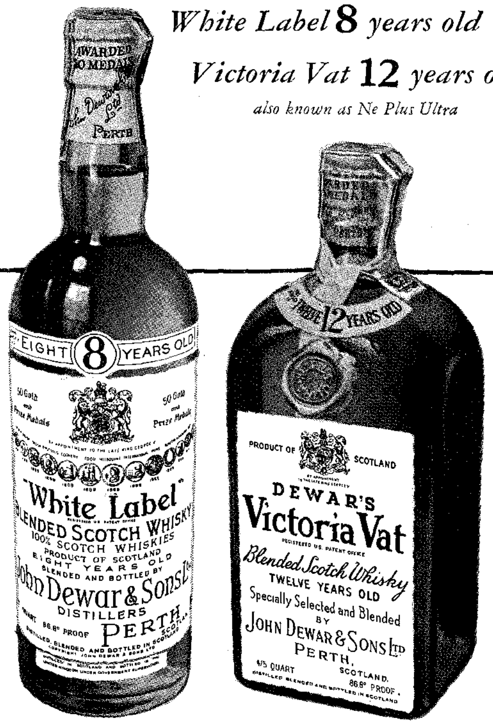
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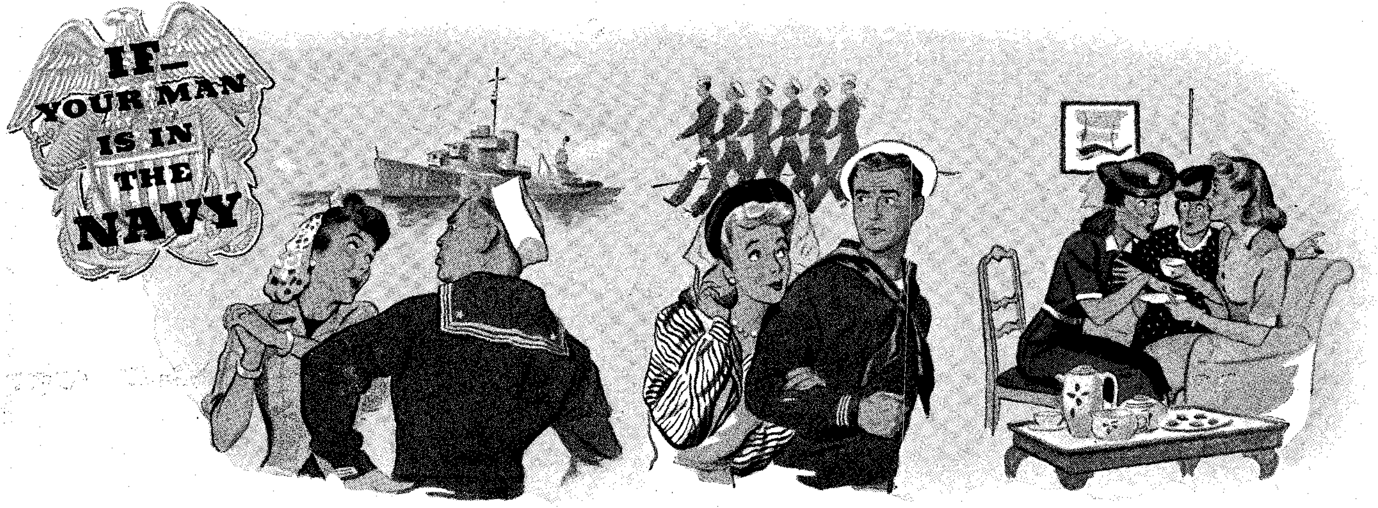

DON'T say: *"What a cute little boat!"* Don't speak patronizingly of a Navy man's ship—and don't *ever* call it a "boat." (In the Navy, a boat is a small vessel like a lifeboat.) Do remember that a Navy man is *very proud* of his ship!

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DON'T say: *"He didn't say, but . . ."* Don't gossip about where your Navy man's ship has gone. Anything you say will be blamed on him. DO follow the Navy custom, which is—if you're asked where he is—to say: "He's gone fishing."

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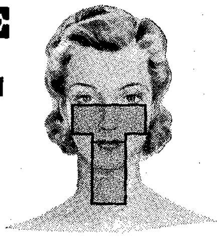

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